

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury

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## Local Matters

### MURDER HEARING

There was a hearing before Judge Levy in the District Court on Tuesday in the case of State vs. Joseph Enos Sousa, charged with murder in causing the death of Thomas Cahill just over the Middletown line early on the morning of the Fourth of July. William A. Peckham appeared for the Town of Middletown and F. F. Nolan represented the defendant.

A number of witnesses were called by the State to testify to events leading up to the killing, which occurred in defendant's restaurant. The woman, Emily Porter, who held Cahill's head in her lap, while he lay dying in front of the restaurant, was not called as a witness at the hearing. At the conclusion of the testimony for the prosecution, the case was further continued until Friday at request of counsel for defendant.

Florence Gary, ten years old, of Somerville, Mass., was accidentally shot and killed in the office of the City Garage on Collins street last Sunday afternoon, the rifle being held by her young cousin, Ralph C. Carter, Jr., eight years old. The boy's father had gone to the garage to work on his car there, and left the two children in the office where they would be safe. It appeared that the boy saw the rifle lying on the top of the safe and climbed up to it. While he was examining it, the gun was discharged and the little girl was fatally injured, dying at the Newport Hospital within a short time. The tragic affair brought dense gloom to the members of both families.

Mr. James F. Dring died at his home on Kay street on Saturday afternoon, after a long illness. He was a son of the late John Dring, and was a painter by trade, having been engaged in business as a painting contractor for a number of years. He was a member of the Newport Military Band, and was a former Warden of Marlboro Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection. He is survived by a widow and six sons, also by several brothers and one sister.

There appears to have been no very great mystery connected with the wrecking of a touring car on the East Main Road last week. The car was registered in the name of the Newport man who was operating it, and he claims that the wreck was due to skidding on a slippery road.

Mr. Edwin A. Cottrell, who was recently elected Mayor of the city of Palo Alto, Calif., is a former Newport boy, the son of former Mayor Robert S. Cottrell.

Last Sunday was the biggest day of the season at the Beach, the hot clear weather bringing thousands of visitors in every manner of conveyance.

On July 30, 1889, the first electric trolley car in Newport was started out from the barn on Commercial wharf. Next Wednesday will be the thirty-fifth anniversary.

### WRECKED BOSTON HERE

Bodies Extricated from Wreckage in Newport Harbor—One Victim Died at the Newport Hospital

Newport has been a center of maritime activity during the past few days, and the presence of the wrecked steamer Boston in the harbor has attracted attention from all over the country. Some of the living passengers were landed here after the collision, and the dead were taken from the damaged vessel and taken to an undertaking establishment here. One seriously injured passenger died in the Newport Hospital soon after arriving there. Nearly everybody in Newport has visited the waterfront within the past few days to gaze upon the crippled steamer as she lay in the mud a short distance off the Government Landing.

The big new passenger steamer Boston of the Eastern Steamship Company plying between Boston and New York by the Cape Cod Canal route, left Boston last Monday evening with a full quota of passengers. It was a night of dense fog, but all went well until about midnight when the oil tanker Swift Arrow crashed into the side of the Boston. The bow of the tanker penetrated for many feet into the light superstructure of the passenger vessel, crushing four staterooms into a mass of wreckage and killing three passengers outright. The Swift Arrow backed away and lay to, to render assistance to the other steamer. Immediately signals of distress were flashed from the wireless equipment of the Boston and responses were sent from other vessels within a distance of a few miles.

In the meantime the officers and crew of the Boston prepared to leave the ship. Fortunately the night was warm and the sea was calm, and there was scarcely a sign of panic among all the passengers. The Boston carried a full equipment of boats and these were put into the water as quickly as possible, although the passengers claim that the crew showed evidence of inefficiency in handling them, as it was about an hour and a half before the last boat was in the water. Some of these boats proceeded directly to the Swift Arrow, where their occupants were taken aboard. Others floated about until the Fall River Line steamers came up and picked them up. The steamers Plymouth and Priscilla of the Fall River Line took on a number of the survivors and carried them to New York. When the Commonwealth of the same line came back eastbound, her Captain brought her in alongside the helpless steamer. With a navy tug lashed on one side and the Commonwealth on the other, acting as pontoons to keep the Boston from sinking, the steamer was brought into Newport Harbor, arriving here about 9.00 o'clock Tuesday morning. The Boston was then allowed to sink gently into the mud between the Torpedo Station and the Government Landing, while the Commonwealth proceeded to her landing at Long wharf. A few of the passengers had been transferred to the Commonwealth and they were landed here, taking a train for Boston.

Immediately upon receiving the distress signal, broadcasted from the Boston after the collision, navy tugs were sent out from here, and the revenue cutter Acushnet dashed away from New Bedford. When the latter arrived at the scene, a severely injured man, who had been dug out of the wreckage by the crew, was transferred to her, and she made a rush back to Newport, arriving here at about 8.30. The injured man was C. L. Copeland of Brookline, Mass. He was hurried to the Newport Hospital in the ambulance, but died within a few hours, having been hopelessly crushed while asleep in his berth.

The crew of the Boston had been unable to reach the other victims of the accident, being unable to penetrate the tangled mass of steel until acetylene torches could be secured. Upon arriving here, men from the navy joined in the work of rescue, and after some hours, the wreckage was opened enough to enable the withdrawal of the bodies. In one stateroom were the bodies of two brothers, Robert P. Schlemm and John E. Schlemm, of Boston. They were taken to the Police Station and

later to an undertaking establishment, where they were subsequently identified by a brother who came here from Boston.

Another body recovered from the crushed staterooms was that of Mrs. Oscar Green of New York, a bride of but a few weeks. She was returning to New York with her husband. The latter was extricated from the wreckage, badly injured and suffering from shock. He was taken to Boston and was now told of the loss of his wife. Mrs. Green's parents were waiting for her on the dock in New York when the Fall River Line steamers arrived there with some of the survivors. On returning to their home, they found a telegram notifying them of her death.

As soon as the Boston arrived here Tuesday morning, Coroner Perry B. Dawley boarded her and looked over the wreckage, examining the bodies as they were brought forth. Later in the day he received a telegram from headquarters of the Company in Boston asking that he assure himself that no more bodies were left in the vessel. He then made another trip out, and after a careful survey of the damaged part of the steamer felt confident that no other bodies could have been caught there. Medical Examiner Sherman gave permission for the removal of the bodies.

While some of the passengers on the Boston criticized the crew for apparent inefficiency in handling the life boats, they had nothing but praise for the capable manner in which the officers and crews of the Fall River Line steamers did their work. Life boats were lowered from those vessels to transfer the passengers from the Swift Arrow to their own ships and the passengers agree that the work was performed with true maritime efficiency.

As soon as word was received that the wrecked steamer was being brought to this port every local agency was put at work to render assistance. Ambulances and vehicles of all kinds were drawn up at Long wharf, ready to give assistance to the injured or remove the dead. The forces of the Red Cross branch were mobilized, but their assistance was not needed. The Navy department and the Fall River Line rendered every assistance in their power and their services were greatly appreciated.

The Scott Wrecking Company of New London was notified of the accident, and at once dispatched a force of men and lighter here to prepare the Boston for a trip to the dry dock in New York where repairs will be made. It is estimated by officials of the Company that the cost will not exceed \$30,000. While some plates were started on the bottom, the most extensive damage was to the superstructure. It was the worst marine disaster that has occurred in these waters since the steamer Larchmont went down on a bitter February night some years ago.

Experts from the wrecking company have been busy for several days in making temporary repairs to fit the Boston for a trip to New York, where she can go on the dry dock. A heavy shutter has been built to cover the exposed side of the vessel, and the task of putting that into place was begun late Thursday night. It was expected that the work might be completed in time to start the voyage to New York late Friday. She will be taken in tow by powerful tugs, and the pumps will be kept going to reduce the water that is bound to leak in.

All the freight has been removed from the Boston by the lighters of Robert S. Hayes and landed on the dock. The personal belongings of the passengers that were left behind in the haste of leaving the ship have been carefully collected and after being labelled have been forwarded to New York.

Commander Greer A. Duncan, Public Works Officer at the Newport Naval Station, will leave for Washington next month, having been ordered to the Bureau of Yards and Docks at the Capital. He has made many friends in Newport, who regret his departure.

The Fall River Line has issued a new illustrated folder advertising Cape Cod. Other sections of the territory served by this Line will be taken up later.

### NEW SIDEWALKS PROGRESSING

Although the Broadway pavement is completed, there is still much congestion on that thoroughfare. From Summer street north, on the west side of the railroad tracks, the street is still closed to traffic in order to give the concrete time for proper curing. Both lines of rails are now in use, however, and this gives much improved service on the street railways after several months of uncertain schedules.

When the new pavement was laid there was of necessity some change in grade from the old street levels. This necessitated an adjustment of the curbs to correspond, and now the sidewalks in some places are being rebuilt to conform to the new curbing. The firm of Coleman Brothers, who had the contract for the paving work on the street, have been awarded the contract for the sidewalk changes also, and began work immediately. The walk between Pleasant street and Marlboro Road has been entirely re-laid, and the contractors are now working farther north. This congests the roadway because of the piles of material used, but the improvement will be very noticeable after the work is completed. Some of these walks have been badly damaged by frost anyway and it is an excellent opportunity to get new walks on that important street.

### SALVATORE DE STEFANO

That wonderful and romantic instrument, the harp, is to be heard here in all its perfection when Salvatore de Stefano plays here in joint recital with Greta Torpadic at the Historical Society July 31. A graduate with honors of the Royal Conservatory at Naples, Mr. de Stefano has devoted his life to the mastery of this instrument, and has written besides a remarkable and exhaustive book on the subject. In his hands the instrument becomes a puissant force, a veritable dynamism of tonal expression. Critics and music lovers everywhere owe to Mr. de Stefano a debt of gratitude for the very real service he is doing the cause of music by revealing the hitherto latent beauty of this ancient instrument, which now comes into its own in melody and glorious perfection. Mr. de Stefano's various tours of this country have made him one of the most popular harpists before the public today.

Mrs. Dudley Fitts will be pianist for this concert.

### CHARLES HOWARD ALLEN

The body of Charles Howard Allen, who was accidentally drowned in the Panama Canal on July 5th, is expected to arrive in this city next week. Funeral services will be held here under the auspices of St. John's Lodge of Masons.

According to the "Star and Herald" of Panama, Mr. Allen was working overtime on the night of July 5th. About midnight, he had occasion to cross the canal gate to reach a small vessel lying on the other side. When about half-way across, his helper saw him fall and immediately gave the alarm. He was pulled out of the water within a short time, but life was extinct.

The annual field day under the auspices of the Newport County Farm Bureau will be held at the Fair Grounds in Portsmouth on August 6th. A clambake will be served at noon and at 1.00 o'clock there will be an auction sale of pure bred bulls consigned from some of the best known breeders of this vicinity. An interesting speaking programme has been arranged. County Agent Sumner D. Hollis is in charge of the arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Greenlaw have purchased the Coggeshall property on Bull street for \$3,100. The property was put up at auction on Wednesday, and Mr. Fred P. Lee was the highest bidder. Under the will of Mrs. Coggeshall, Mr. Greenlaw was to have the option of purchase at the highest price offered, and he decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Hospital Appeal

A meeting was held at the Portsmouth Library on Tuesday evening, to arrange for the participation of the citizens of this town in the campaign for \$350,000 for the Newport Hospital. Mr. Alan R. Wheeler addressed the meeting, and gave some facts concerning the benefits the citizens of this town have received. Two teams will be organized to appeal for funds for this purpose. Mr. Karl G. Anthony and Mr. Michael J. Murphy will be in charge of the men's teams and Mrs. Walter Chase and Mrs. George H. Draper will conduct the activities of the women's teams.

Mr. H. Chester Hedley and daughter Ruth of South Norfolk, Va., are visiting relatives in town. Mrs. Hedley and their daughter Elva and son Henry have been in town about three weeks.

Mr. Allston Clarke is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony.

Miss Arline Anthony has returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Anthony, after spending a week with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah E. Peckham of Tiverton.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the American Red Cross Society will be held next Monday evening at the Portsmouth Library.

Mrs. J. F. Meyonell and daughter, Miss Esther Meyonell of Sullivan, Maine, and Miss Virginia Craig of Providence have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop and of Mr. Richmond Bishop. Mrs. Meyonell is the sister of the Messrs. Bishop and had not seen her brothers for about twenty years.

The Portsmouth fire apparatus was called out on Sunday afternoon for a small fire at the farm of Mr. Isaac Chase, Sr., on Wapping Road. The farm is hired by a Portuguese farmer, and while smoking in the hay field a window of hay became ignited. No great damage was done, as the fire was quickly extinguished.

Among those who registered to vote a few days ago, it is interesting to note the name of Mrs. Susan Langley, who is the mother of Mrs. Charles S. Plummer, is ninety-five years of age and is very much interested in the political situation.

Mrs. Mary Santos, whose husband, Mr. Antonio Santos, died recently of lockjaw, has sailed for the Azores Islands.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebeckah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., was held at Oakland Hall. After the business meeting, ice cream cones and melons were served by the social committee.

The annual picnic of the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at the Newport Beach next Tuesday.

Mrs. Minnie T. Steele has as guest her nephew, Mr. Lloyd Ranlett of Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. D. Frank Hall is seriously ill at his home on Sprague street.

Miss Margaret Brayton of Boston is spending a two weeks' vacation with Mr. Frank L. Tallman and family.

Miss Louise Slocum has gone to Hillsboro, N. H., for the remainder of her vacation.

Miss Clara Goff of Providence has been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Dyer and Mrs. Eleanor Tallman.

Mrs. Isabelle L. Tallman, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walker, their son, Mr. Herman Walker, and their daughter, Mr. Edwin Loucke, were guests recently of Mrs. Tallman's son, Mr. Ray B. Tallman of Wilimantic, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown of British Columbia, are visiting Mr. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Brown.

Mr. Everett Sherman of New York is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Sherman.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's Church met on Monday evening with Mrs. Edward Saddington. Much work was accomplished for the lawn party which will be held next week. Refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by her daughter, Miss Annie Saddington.

Mrs. Mazie Willard and son, Joseph Willard of Providence have been guests of Mrs. Willard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey of New York have moved into their cottage on

Riverview avenue where they will make their permanent home. Mr. Sharkey has had to give up his business in New York, owing to ill health. Mrs. Sharkey is the sister of Mrs. Richard T. Demery, who with her family reside in the next house on Riverview avenue.

Mr. Arthur A. Allro, who is the traffic officer stationed on Slate Hill on Sundays, reports that last Sunday in five hours 3588 automobiles passed his stand. In three hours, between 12.45 p. m. and 3.45 p. m., there were 1982, going in both directions. In the half-hour between 5.15 and 5.45, 600 machines passed. In the early evening 985 passed in one and one-half hours. At one time 10 cars passed in an unbroken line.

Several accidents have occurred here recently. Bandmaster Evans of the Training Station met with an accident just south of Mr. Albert Anthony's house. A spotlight on an electric car blinded Mr. Evans and he ran his Chevrolet up a bank, hitting a tree. The machine was badly wrecked, but Mr. Evans and a companion were not seriously injured. They went to the Naval Hospital where they received treatment for their injuries. An old Ford came to grief Sunday morning near Oliphant Lane, but its age seemed to be the cause of the accident.

### MIDDLETOWN

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham have had as guests Miss Mabel Elred and Mr. Raleigh Eldred. Mr. Eldred is Professor in the mechanical department at the Rhode Island State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Pillsworth and their family, of Worcester, Mass., are camping out at Third Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford P. Hart and their daughter Margaret, of Boston, are spending their vacation with Mr. Hart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart.

Mrs. Thomas H. Wyllie and her daughter Marjorie have gone to Miami, Fla., where they will join Mr. Wyllie, who is employed there by the Fred I. Ley Construction Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie L. Kault have as guests Mrs. William A. McLyman, her daughters, Misses Dorothy and Betty McLyman, and her son, Mr. William A. McLyman, Jr., of Sparrow Point, Maryland.

Mrs. John Hoar and her sons John M. and Richard, have returned to their home in Akron, Ohio, after spending several weeks with Mrs. Hoar's father, Mr. Charles A. Manchester. Mrs. Hoar's sister, Miss Susie M. Manchester, accompanied them as far as Boston.

An all-day meeting of St. Columba's Guild was held on Thursday, when work and plans were completed for the annual fair and supper which will be held at the Berkeley parish house.

Master Howard Conley is visiting his uncles, Messrs. Howard and Philip Peckham in Sherburne, Mass.

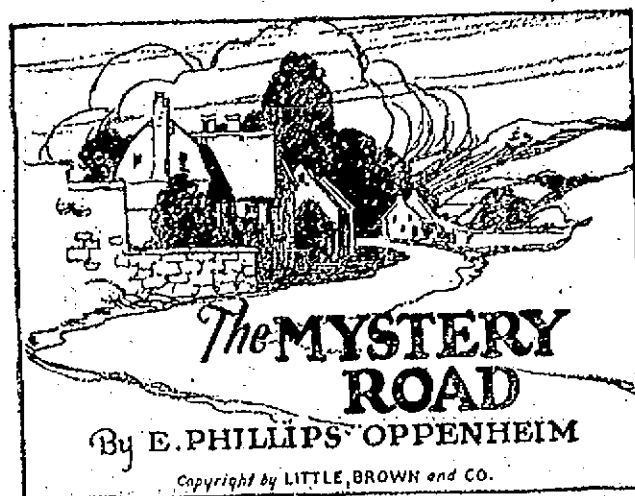
Mrs. George R. Chase has gone to Haverhill, N. H., to spend a month with her sister, Mrs. George Kimball.

Mr. Everett P. Littlefield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Littlefield, is seriously ill at the Union Hospital, Fall River. He was badly kicked by a horse while at work on his farm in Little Compton.

The Girl Scouts of Wild Rose Troop have received instructions in swimming at Chase's shore. Mr. Herbert Squires was the instructor. A number of the scouts are preparing for the tenderfoot and second class tests.

Two fires occurred last week in this town, being on the same day. A window of hay became ignited by a lighted match being thrown down and was stopped just a few feet from the haystack. The other fire was in a house belonging to Mr. George Irish and occupied by a Portuguese family. The ell in which the kitchen was situated was burned off. This fire is understood to have been caused by a kerosene stove which became overheated.

Harry L. Wilcox of this city, a chief machinist in the navy, died at the naval hospital in Chelsea on Tuesday after a short illness. During the war he served as Lieutenant in the navy. His family, consisting of a wife, a son and a daughter, have made their home in Newport some time. He was a member of Faith Lodge of Masons of Charlestown, Mass., of Newport Royal Chapter, DeLois Council, and of the Kingston Commandery of this city.



## The MYSTERY ROAD

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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### Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.—Fleeing from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a proposed husband, she finds Myrtle, young French girl, stands in a country road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II.—Halted by an exploded fire, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's distracted appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with friends. Myrtle speaks English, her mother having been an educated woman.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling rooms, and is fascinated, but can only learn that she is called Pauline de Poniere and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, disapproves of the young men's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV.—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER V.—Lord Dombey makes the acquaintance of Pauline, and is fascinated by the air of mystery and concealment surrounding her.

CHAPTER VI.—Myrtle falls desperately in love with Gerald. He is interested in the girl, while Christopher Bent really loves her and would marry her.

CHAPTER VII.—A mysterious Russian, Zuhin, who is a rum at the gambling tables, Gerald learns he knows the De Poniere, but can get no information from him.

### Chapter VIII

Myrtle rose in the morning, as was her custom, at a little after seven o'clock, carefully made her bed, dressed, and walked for an hour upon the terrace. These early diurnal wanderings were tempered with a certain sadness, although she was always finding something new—new beauties or new sores—in this amazing spot to which she had been transported. To Myrtle, whose life as yet was composed mainly of externals, everything was beautiful. The sun warmed her with the promise of love. She was never tired of watching the little waves breaking upon the sandy strip, and the million scintillating lights upon the bay. She looked up with a glad smile at the silent hotel where Gerald was sleeping. Perhaps he was dreaming of her at that very moment. Love had crept into her life and found her very ignorant. As yet it was a beautiful and simple thing. That it was capable of change and division never even occurred to her. She loved Gerald and, although he sometimes disappointed her, it must be that Gerald loved her. She had few doubts about it all. His attitude often puzzled, sometimes even distressed her, but she put his vagaries down to her own lack of understanding. She was convinced that all would be well when she saw more of him, and she harbored a dull sense of resentment against Christopher, who she believed was always working for some unknown reason to keep them apart.

At half-past eight she returned to her rooms and deliberately attacked a great mass of sewing, which was sent to her daily from the hotel, and the payment for which, by arrangement, provided her with board and lodging. From that time onwards, she sat in the window with but one hope—the hope of seeing Gerald. Once or twice he had come and taken her out to luncheon, but Christopher was unfailing in his visits. He presented him-



He Presented Himself Every Morning at About the Same Time.

self every morning at about the same time, and even if Gerald appeared, he always accompanied him. Despite her resentment against him, it was always a pleasure to hear his firm tread and

to watch his tall, broad-shouldered figure and good-humored, intelligent face as he crossed the road. She found an evil counselor in Annette, the maid at the hotel, who occupied the other bedroom in the little cottage and generally looked in for a few minutes on her way to work. Annette, who was thoroughly French, was completely puzzled by the situation. She could account for it in her own mind only from the fact that the two young men were English and therefore presumably mad.

"But how mademoiselle is industrious!" she exclaimed, looking in at the door soon after Myrtle had returned from her early morning walk and settled down to her sewing. "I hope my silly old aunt pays you well for all that sewing."

"She gives me my board and lodging here," Myrtle replied, with a smile. "That more than contents me."

"Board and lodging! Oh, la, la!"

Annette declared, sinking into her accustomed chair. "That would not content me. It is the tips from which one can buy one's clothes. It amazes me that mademoiselle does not ask Milord Dombey for some evening frocks and attend one of his supper parties. Charles, the head waiter, brings me news often of them. They are at the most amusing. There are artists there, and all manner of wonderful people. How mademoiselle no curiosity to see life?"

Myrtle threaded a needle carefully before she replied.

"Milord Dombey," she said, "would I believe, take me, but Monsieur Christopher does not think it well that I go to those parties. He declares that they are for people whom I should not meet."

Annette clasped her hands behind the back of her head. She was vastly amused.

"Oh, la, la!" she exclaimed. "That is so like Monsieur Bent! What does he make of life, that young man? Does he think it well for a girl as beautiful as mademoiselle to sit here alone at night and creep into bed, while monsieur who adores her spends his time with other women? Poo! Mademoiselle should have courage."

Myrtle laid down her work. Her heart was beating fast.

"Tell me, Annette," she begged, "who are these guests of Milord Dombey? Why do they keep me away from them?"

"It is not Milord Dombey's fault," Annette declared. "He is a beau garçon, that. It is the stupid Monsieur Bent, who should have stayed at home in his dull London. They are all well enough, these guests of Milord Dombey's. Some sing at the opera; others, perhaps, have seen life in Paris, but for that that are they the worse—what harm can they do? Oh, if I were mademoiselle, I should submit no longer!"

"What should you do, Annette?" Myrtle asked, half-fearfully.

"I should put on all my prettiest clothes," Annette replied, entering into the matter with animation, "and I should come to the hotel. I should find my way to Milord Dombey—that would be for me to arrange—and I should just tell him that I had come, that I was tired of being left at home. Then I would whisper one or two of the nicest little things I could think of into his ear, and I would put my arms around his neck, and—well—I know Milord Dombey—he would not send me away—not if I were mademoiselle."

The work had fallen from Myrtle's hands. She was sitting up in her chair, her eyes very bright, her lips a little parted. How fortunate it was that Annette had come! Without a doubt, she would do this. Only one must be aware of Monsieur Christopher. He was full of droll ideas. He must be made to understand. Presently Annette departed, and when, a little later on, Christopher arrived to pay his morning call, Myrtle was seated as usual at her work, her manner unaltered except that she was a little gayer than usual, perhaps a little more kindly.

"Myrtle," he announced, "I have heard from my cousin in England. She thinks that she will be able to find you a place in about a month's time."

"That is very kind of her," Myrtle answered, without enthusiasm. "What does Gerald say about it?"

"I have not mentioned it to Gerald yet," Christopher replied. "He was dining out last night and had a supper party afterward at the Carlton, and as a matter of fact he was fast asleep when I came out. I have no doubt, however, that he will be glad."

The girl made a little grimace.

"He may not be so glad to get rid of me as you," she remarked.

"We shall neither of us be here in a month's time," Christopher reminded her. "Certainly I shall not, and Gerald, I believe, is due to go to Biarritz before then."

Myrtle sewed industriously for a

moment. "Perhaps," she suggested, "he may want me to go to Biarritz with him." "You must not talk like that, Myrtle," Christopher said sternly. "You must not say such things. If Gerald goes, it will be with some other young man to play polo. There would be no possible place for you in such a company."

She smiled without looking up. Some day he would know the truth, this kindly but rather foolish Englishman. He would know that she and Gerald loved one another. He should always be their friend, though. He was very good, in his way, only he would not understand.

"What about a short walk before lunch?" he suggested.

Myrtle dropped her work at once.

"We will go along the terrace," she proposed, "and while I sit upon a seat, you shall go in and wake up that lazy Gerald. You shall tell him that I am waiting, and I am sure that he will hurry out."

Christopher assented, a little sadly. Once or twice before they had carried out the same program, and he was wondering whether it would not have been better to have told Myrtle the truth—that on two occasions Gerald had absolutely refused to join them, and that on the third he had been brought out almost by force. There was a little pang in his heart as he watched Myrtle's gay preparations. Life was so wonderful to her that it seemed a shame to destroy a single illusion.

"Well try and rouse him out, at all events," he promised.

### Chapter IX

Gerald found Pauline waiting for him at the accustomed spot, after luncheon that afternoon. She was in the shadow of a great magnolia shrub, dressed in inconspicuous gray, with a veil thicker than the exigencies of motoring necessitated.

Pauline stepped lightly into the place by his side, without waiting for him to vacate his seat.

"Turn round, please," she directed. "We will go the other way. I do not choose to pass through the town."

Gerald obeyed, although her request only added fuel to the smoldering fire of his resentment. He turned away towards the mountain road and maintained a silence which was not without its significance. His companion, after a few minutes, glanced toward him indifferently. He was leaning back in his place, his eyes, as usual, fixed upon the road, his left hand firmly grasping the steering wheel. The humorous twitch, however, had gone from his mouth. There was a distinct frown upon his forehead.

"You are perhaps weary today?" she suggested. "You should like to shorten our drive?"

Gerald turned and looked at her. "I am not weary," he replied. "I am puzzled. I hate mysteries."

"The old complaint," she yawned. "With a new reading," he retorted.

"I have shown myself ready, as you must know," he went on, "to study your rather peculiar whims in every way, but when it comes to meeting you face to face at the club and revealing nothing but the stoniest of stares, I must admit that the situation grows beyond me. I am not—well, I am not a disreputable acquaintance, am I?"

She laughed quietly.

"Not in the least. You belong to what they call in England the middle-class aristocracy, do you not—two or three centuries old, with a damp house in a park and an armful of undistinguished titles?"

"Are you afraid to present me to Madame de Poniere?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Distrusted," she admitted frankly. "Because my quarterings are insufficient? I might remark that my father is the ninth earl and that I am his only son."

"It is not that at all," she assured him indifferently. "There is really no reason why we should not meet in a place like this on equal terms, but my aunt is a woman with only one idea in her head, and for the successful development of that idea it is advisable that we make no acquaintances whatsoever here. There, my Lord Dombey, have I not been kind to you? I would see more of you if I could, because in a place like this the escort of a man is an advantage. As it is, I can assure you that I risk a good deal in taking these afternoon rides. If you knew how wearisome my life was and how grateful I really am to you for these few hours of escape, you would feel more kindly toward me. See, I give you my hand. Let us be friends."

It was the first time during all their acquaintance that she had accorded him the slightest mark of favor. The touch of her fingers thrilled and surprised him. He held her hand unresistingly for several moments. Then she drew it quietly but firmly away.

"Well, that is settled," she said. "Now talk to me about other things. Is there no news at the rooms? Has no one been breaking the bank?"

"There was something I was going to tell you," Gerald replied, with a sudden flash of recollection. "I sat next to a man at dinner last night in Ciro's grill, who they say broke the bank several times during the afternoon. I believe they said that he was a Russian. I suppose you know all about him, however."

"If," she exclaimed, "why should I?" "Because, between the courses of his dinner, he wrote a letter and sent it off by messenger. He was at the next table and it was impossible for me to avoid seeing the envelope. It was addressed to Madame de Poniere."

She looked at him, amazed.

"To my aunt?" she repeated. "But we received no letter from any one

last night. What was this man like?"

"They said that he was a Russian and that his name was Zuhin," Gerald replied. "They also said that he had won two million francs in the afternoon."

"Zuhin!" she exclaimed, with a little start. "Describe him at once, if you please."

"That is easy," Gerald acquiesced. "He must have been at least six foot three or four, and he had tremendous shoulders. He was one of the most powerful-looking men I have ever seen in my life. He had a sallow complexion, a lined face, black eyes and a mass of black and gray hair."

She put her hand upon his.

"Stop the car, please," she begged. "Turn round as quickly as you can. I must go home."

Gerald ran on to an adjacent widening of the road, reversed the car, and headed back for Monte Carlo.

"If I had known that my news was going to shorten our drive," he grumbled, "I should not have mentioned the fellow at all."

"My friend," she said earnestly, "what you have told me may be of immense benefit for me to know."

"You recognize the man, then?"

"He is probably my aunt's steward," she confessed, after a moment's hesitation. "There, you see, I am telling you secrets. Do you know whether he played last night?"

"I was only at the club," Gerald replied. "He did not come there. Is there anything I can do? Would you like me to go and look for him?"

"Yes, you might do that," she said thoughtfully. "When you have dropped me, drive down to the rooms. If you find him there, touch him on the shoulder. Say that Madame de Poniere awaits him. You will not forget this?"

"I'll drive there at once," Gerald promised.

He set Pauline down, as usual, at the gates of her villa. She scarcely stayed to say goodbye, but her smile was more gracious and her manner a little kinder. It was obvious, however, that she was disturbed by his information. Gerald, incurious though he was at most times, felt a growing interest in his mission.

Arrived at the rooms, he walked straight through to the Cercle Prive, visited each roulette and trente et quarante table, and strolled round the baccarat room. Seated next to the croupier, at the most remote table, with a little crowd of people behind his chair, and with a great pile of notes before him, sat Monsieur Zuhin.

The Russian was betting in maximums, apparently on some system, and with varying success. To all appearances, he had not changed his clothes, bathed or shaved since the evening before. There was an untidy growth of beard upon his chin, a bloodshot streak in his eyes, his collar and tie were crumpled; his hair, over-luxuriant at the best of times, was unkempt and disordered. Gerald leaned towards the attendant seated behind the croupier's chair, under pretense of handing him a small stake.

"Monsieur gambles," Gerald remarked, with an inclination of his head toward the man who was the center of interest.

The attendant turned around with an expressive little nod.

"Yesterday he broke the bank," he whispered. "Today he can do nothing right."

"He is losing, then?"

The man's grimace was significant. Gerald watched his own stake swept away and crossed to a place behind the Russian's chair. In one of the intervals, he leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. The man took no notice. Gerald whispered in his ear.

"Madame de Poniere awaits you at the villa."

Zuhin for a moment remained perfectly still. When at last he turned around, his face was ghastly. With his strong arm, he pushed back some one who intervened.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am merely a messenger," Gerald replied. "I know no more than that I was asked to give you that word if I saw you at the casino."

The Russian rose slowly to his feet, left one of the plaques to guard his place, thrust a great pile of notes into his pocket, and led Gerald into a corner.

"You have been spying on me. It is through you that Madame knows I am in Monte Carlo."

"On the contrary," Gerald reminded him, "you yourself wrote a note to her and dispatched it by messenger from Ciro's."

"This note was brought back—"

"The car in a quarter of an hour," she ordered. "Pauline, get ready. We must seek Zuhin. If he has begun to gamble, he will go on to the end."

They drove first to the casino, where they explored only the Cercle Prive. From there they went to the Sporting Club, where there was still no sign of him. Madame de Poniere became more hopeful.

"He is perhaps resting in his hotel," she said, "preparing to visit us."

"He would never come without sending word beforehand," Pauline reminded her.

They sat side by side on one of the settees, two rather lonely and disheartened women face to face with tragedy. Pauline saw Gerald in the distance and determined upon a bold step.

"Aunt," she said, "there is a young man standing by the easy chair there, whose father lives at the adjoining villa to ours. He has once or twice offered me some small courtesies. He is alone and I am sure he would be glad to be useful. Let me send him to the casino."

"Show him to me," Madame de Poniere demanded.

Pauline pointed him out. Her aunt

sighed.

"One breaks a cherished tradition," she said. "But it must be done. I leave the matter in your hands."

Gerald and Christopher, strolling round the room, came presently to within a few feet of them. Gerald, blithely though he resented it, was passing on after one swift glance at Pauline. She leaned over, however, and touched him on the arm.

"Lord Dombey," she said, "my aunt permits me to present you. Lord Dombey—Madame de Poniere."

Gerald, taken by surprise, bore the shock well. He bowed low and murmured a few polite words.

"I am afraid you will think that we are very mercenary," Pauline continued, "but we are going to ask a favor."

"It is granted," Gerald assured her swiftly.

"There is a Russian gentleman in Monte Carlo named Zuhin."

"I know him by sight," Gerald declared. "Restless."

"Then the rest is easy," Pauline interrupted, with a warning look. "Our request is that you search the casino for him, and if he is there, that you bring him to us."

Gerald bowed.

"Mademoiselle," he promised, "if he is there, I will bring him to you within a quarter of an hour."

Gerald, on entering the casino, made his way at once to the table at the farther end. The seat which had been occupied by Zuhin, however, was vacant, though the table itself was crowded. He was on the point of continuing his search in one of the other rooms, when he suddenly saw the man of whom he was in search seated on one of the sofas against the wall. He made his way thither at once.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought you a message from Madame de Poniere."

The Russian lifted his head, and for a moment Gerald was afraid that he had had a stroke. His eyes were horribly red, the flesh about his cheek bones seemed to have become drawn tight, and his cheeks to display new hollows. His hands were trembling. All his trueness of manner had departed.

"From Madame de Poniere?" he repeated. "Where is she?"

"She is waiting now in the Sporting Club," Gerald replied. "I will take you to her if you will accompany me."

The Russian rose to his feet and the two men left the place. Many of the bystanders gazed after them, and Gerald heard something of their whispers. "I'm afraid you've been having rather a bad time," he remarked.

His companion took no notice. He walked, indeed, like a man in a nightmare. Not only was he unshaven, but his clothes were crumpled and tumbled. He was altogether a disheveled-looking object.

"Alight I suggest," Gerald said, as they descended the steps of the casino, "that you visit your hotel and freshen up a little before you come to the club?"

Zuhin seemed suddenly to step down from another world. He looked vacantly at Gerald for a moment, and then smoothly brushed his hair, his well-cut dinner coat, his faultless linen. Then, with a little start, he glanced at himself and shrugged his shoulders ponderously.

"You are right, monsieur. Come this way."

He crossed the street with great strides and entered the Hotel de Paris. He turned once more to Gerald as he entered the lift.

"A quarter of an hour, monsieur," he said. "I give you my word that I will not keep you longer than twenty minutes."

"I will be waiting here," Gerald promised.

After the departure of the lift, Gerald made his way by means of the private passage to the Sporting Club. Madame de Poniere and her niece were seated where he had left them, the elder lady sipping some coffee, Pauline looking around her with a languid air of half-amused interest. Save for the fact that Madame de Poniere's lips tightened a little as she saw Gerald alone, there was not the slightest indication in their manner or expression that they were confronted in any way with an exceptional situation.

"I have found our friend," he announced. "He is making some alterations to his toilet. I am meeting him in a few minutes and shall bring him here."

"Was he playing?" Pauline enquired.

"Not when I arrived," was the cautious reply.

Madame de Poniere stirred her coffee negligently.

"Had he," she asked, "the air of a man who has been losing?"

"I fear," Gerald admitted, "that he rather gave me that impression."

Pauline smiled up at him.

"It is very good of you to give yourself so much trouble," she said. "My aunt and I are greatly indebted to you. Please do not lose any time in bringing Monsieur Zuhin here."

The words were almost a dismissal. Gerald made his way back through the passage and took a seat in the lounge of the hotel. Within the time promised, a transformed Monsieur Zuhin made his appearance. Gerald found it difficult to restrain his surprise. His dinner suit was faultlessly cut, his black pearl studs were marvellous. He had been carefully shaved and his hair had been trimmed. He carried white kid gloves in his hand, a glossy silk hat, and a malacca cane crowned with malachite. It came over at once to Gerald and signed to a waiter who was hovering about with a bottle upon a tray.

"You will give me three minutes,"

Continued on Page 3



## THE MYSTERY ROAD

Continued from Page 2

he begged. "I was interested in a series of numbers, and I forgot to dine. I have ordered a bottle of wine. You will perhaps join me."

"Very good of you," Gerald replied. "It is rather between three for me. I'll have a fine champagne, if I may."

Monsieur Zubin bowed gravely and the brandy was brought. Without turning a hair, he drank two tumblers of the wine. Then he returned courteously to his companion.

"If you have no objection," he proposed, "we will walk outside to the Sporting club. The distance is the same and the air is fresher."

Gerald assented readily, and they started off side by side. The Russian was walking with his shoulder back, like a man on parade, and Gerald suddenly felt that his own stature had become insignificant. All the way his companion seemed to be reciting to himself in some foreign tongue, reciting something which now and then seemed to have the swing of blank verse. As they reached the steps which led up to the Sporting club, he came to a full stop and glanced around.

"Young man," he said, facing Gerald, "you are probably a little curious about me. This is the truth. Let those know it who may be interested. I am the steward of Madame de Poniere and the trustee of as much as is left of her revenues. I came here ashamed of their scantiness, and the wild idea of enlarging them at the tables occurred to me. I have failed. There is a fortune here, you see, by my side, and the commissionaire is there to help you. I apologize for the trouble I am giving. I charge you to deliver the expression of my undying devotion to Madame de Poniere."

His right hand, which had been fumbling in the pocket of his dinner coat, shot out like lightning. A small revolver, flashing in the electric light, was pressed to his temple. There were two almost simultaneous reports. Rumors were already floating about the club when Gerald hurried in, five minutes later. Both women looked at him in half-fearful inquiry. Gerald was very grave.

"Madame," he announced, "I bring bad news."

Madame unfurled her black lace fan and fanned herself slowly.

"One hears that a man has shot himself outside," she said. "It is, perhaps, the man whom I sent you to seek?"

"It is he," Gerald acknowledged. "Madame de Poniere rose to her feet. She was an ugly woman whom, up to that moment, Gerald had detested. He found himself now admiring her profoundly. She leaned a little upon the stick which she carried in her left hand. Her right she extended towards Gerald.

"If you will give me the support of your arm downstairs, Lord Dombey, I shall be glad," she continued. "I am an old woman, and these shocks become more poignant with the years. Zubin was a faithful servant of my house. I am affected."

They made their slow progress from the room. Madame held her head high. Mademoiselle was a little paler than usual, but her good night to the commissionaire was as clear and gracious as ever. No signs of any disturbance remained outside. Monte Carlo knew how to deal with these things. Their automobile was already in attendance, and the two women took their places at once.

"We are much obliged for your assistance, Lord Dombey," Madame declared. "I regret that we should have given you so trivial an errand."

"You will permit me to call, perhaps, at the villa?" Gerald begged.

"I shall not be receiving for several days," Madame replied. "If you are so gracious as to leave a card, my servants will tell you when I am disposed to see friends."

The car glided off. Madame leaned back with closed eyes. Gerald caught just a faint glimpse of Pauline's profile, ivory pale, a gleam of terror in her eyes, as though she knew that they were passing over the spot where Zubin had died.

## Chapter X

It was after dinner at the Villa Arcadia, and Lady Mary and Christopher, hardest of the little gathering, were strolling back and forth on the terrace in the violet darkness. The two were old enough friends to speak intimately on many topics. They were talking tonight of Gerald.

"Gerald, as a rule," his sister declared, "is almost over-candid about his love affairs. This is certainly the first time I remember him to have been mysterious."

"I don't think he has seen anything of Mademoiselle de Poniere since the tragedy at the Sporting club," Christopher remarked.

"Really," Mary sighed, "you young men who should be our greatest comfort are actually our greatest responsibility. First of all you pick up a peasant girl on the road, over whom you both seem to have lost your heads more or less, and now Gerald is behaving like a lunatic about this young foreign woman."

"Has Gerald told you of the latest developments with regard to Myrtle?" Christopher inquired. "I have some friends in London who have promised to take her for a nursery governess."

"Are either of you in love with her?"



"Are Either of You in Love With Her?" Mary Asked.

Mary asked, raising her eyes and looking her companion in the face.

Christopher hesitated for several moments before answering. Mary began to tear into small pieces the sprig of oleander which she was holding. Her face seemed suddenly to have become very white and tired.

"I am sure that Gerald is not," Christopher answered. "As for me—well, that sort of thing is a little out of my line, isn't it? The most serious part of the situation is that I am afraid the child is in love with Gerald."

"She will get over that," Mary said dryly. "Most of the girls I know have been in love with Gerald at some time or another. Sooner or later, the wise ones flit away from him and the butterfly ones flit away somewhere else. It may seem unselfish, but I am more concerned about you, Christopher, than Gerald."

He passed his arm through hers, an action which their increasing intimacy seemed to render perfectly natural.

"Mary," he began, "you are just the one person in the world to whom I could confess an impulse of folly, and this is, I suppose, the one place I could do it in. I frankly don't understand what you mean by being in love. When I have thought of marriage, it has been in connection with some dear woman friend who would make a home for me and be a companion. Of course, I expected to care for her and all that, but—promise you won't laugh at me?"

"I shall not laugh," Mary promised. "For the first time in my life, that child has made me think of other things," Christopher acknowledged simply. "I don't know that it amounts to anything, I dare say really it is an unsuspected vein of kindness which she has touched; but there it is. I have an absurd feeling of fondness for her. The idea of her becoming a plaything for Gerald or anybody makes a madman of me."

"And she?"

"Looks upon me as a kind person but an intolerable nuisance. She dreams of nobody but Gerald. If he lifts his little finger, she is his." "Really?" Mary drawled coldly. "Please don't judge her too harshly."

Christopher begged. "Myrtle is temperamentally incapable of a mean or an immoral action. She is just a child of nature, only instead of being swayed by the lower instincts, she is swayed by the higher ones. She loves Gerald, and nothing else counts with her. She would have thrown herself into the river sooner than have given herself in marriage to the innkeeper. She is equally capable of giving her life and her soul to Gerald, if he requires the sacrifice."

Mary turned her head towards the window.

"I think that father wants his game of backgammon," she observed. "We had better go in, I am afraid. We must talk of this again some time. Will you go first and say that I shall be there directly?"

Christopher stepped obediently through the window, and Mary passed on to the further end of the terrace, where the shadows were deeper. For a moment her self-control slipped away. Her fingers gripped the ivy stalks fiercely. There were tears in her eyes, her rather firm but sensitive little mouth quivered passionately. It seemed so many years since Christopher had first represented to her all that she desired in manhood—a man of character, a worker, a sportsman when the time came, always ambitious, always ready to pit his brain against others. She had fancied him in parliament, a cabinet minister later in life, perhaps. She had thought with happiness of the many ways in which she could further his career; had dreamed with pleasure of playing hostess for him in a joint establishment. She had known that the consummation of her wish was inevitable, unless something should come between. And something had most unexpectedly come between—this peasant girl, this birth of a spurious sentiment—nothing, in a man like Gerald, but very much to be dreaded in a person of Christopher's poise and steadiness. She was a proud young woman, for all her gracious ways, and, although she refused to find anything fatal in his attitude, the pain that she suffered in those few moments was not only of the heart.

Christopher and his host, in the intervals of their game, talked of the latest suicide. With the usual amazing secrecy of the local press, not one word had appeared in any paper published in the vicinity.

"I feel a great deal of sympathy for our neighbors," Lord Hinterleys remarked. "Old Colonel Huskinson whom I met on the terrace this morning, told me that the man was bringing them money for some estates he had sold, which were practically their only means of subsistence."

Lord Hinterleys picked up his cards. Mary came in from the terrace and seated herself by Gerald's side. The quietness of the evening, however, was almost immediately disturbed. The butler threw open the door, announced guests.

"The Ladies Victoria and Millicent Cromwell, Mr. James Cromwell, Lady Esleden."

They all trooped in—intimates of the young people of the house.

"We want you to come down to the club for an hour or two," Lady Victoria, who was always the leading spirit, suggested. "Dad's just paid my dress allowance, and I'm dying to lose it, and Jimmy's going to give us supper and take us to dance somewhere after ward."

"Added to which," her sister, Lady Millicent, went on, "we have brought you news. We know all about the man who committed suicide the other night."

There was a dead silence, a most effective background, for Lady Victoria's announcement.

"They tried hard to keep it secret," she said, "but an English journalist discovered the truth. The man's name was Zubin, and he was the steward of two unfortunate ladies who live near you. He had just arrived from Russia with a large sum of money for them, went into the rooms, gambled with it and lost the lot. They say that it was nearly three million francs and that it was every penny those poor women had in the world."

Christopher and Gerald were taking an early morning stroll and displaying an almost feminine partiality for the shop windows, which the former suddenly felt his friend's hand tighten upon his arm. They had paused to look through the plate-glass window of a jeweler's shop in the Rue de Paris.

"What is it, old chap?" Christopher asked.

Gerald pointed to a pearl necklace which hung in the window.

"You see that?" he exclaimed tragically. "That belonged to Pauline—Mademoiselle de Poniere. And that marquise ring below—I am perfectly certain her aunt was wearing. Wait a moment, old fellow."

Gerald entered the shop hastily. A very suave Frenchman came forward to meet him.

"Can you tell me anything about that pearl necklace and the rings below?" Gerald inquired.

"But certainly, sir," the man replied. "One moment."

He unfastened the window and brought out the stand on which the necklace rested. The color of the pearls was wonderful. They were not large, but they had an almost pluck glow.

"I have no doubt mademoiselle is a judge and I need say little about these pearls," the shopman began. "I would point out to you, however, that they were matched for royalty itself, and the quality of each one is superlative. If mademoiselle is a purchaser, I could quote him seven thousand pounds, and for that sum there is not such another necklace in the world."

"I recognize the necklace," Gerald admitted. "I might, under certain circumstances, be induced to buy it. I came in, however, to ask you how you obtained possession of it, and the rings below?"

The man's manner changed. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am not able to explain exactly how this jewelry came into our hands. There are certain confidences which, in the interests of our clients, we are forced to respect."

"Quite so," Gerald agreed, "but I can assure you that I am not an impertinent inquirer. This is my name"—he handed the man a card—"and I was an acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Poniere, from whom you must have obtained this necklace. I last saw Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle de Poniere under very tragic circumstances, and I understand that they have now left Monte Carlo. I am most anxious to obtain word as to their whereabouts."

"I regret deeply that I am entirely powerless in the matter, milord," the man replied.

Gerald held up the pearls and let them slip through his fingers. He remembered something which Pauline had once said to him—"Pearls are the maidens' children. They love and care for them as such."

"I have reason to surmise," Gerald went on, "that a misfortune has befallen these ladies. If they had confided in me, it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have offered them assistance."

The jeweler smiled inscrutably. "I fear that it would have been useless, milord," he said. "I have had the privilege of knowing the elder of these ladies for some thirty years, and I supplied the first string of pearls which the younger lady ever wore, at the time of her confirmation. I would willingly have undertaken the payment of such debts as were owing in Monte Carlo, without security, but I should never have had the courage to suggest it. You will see an announcement in the evening paper, milord, that all claims against the ladies will be settled by me on demand."

"If I buy the necklace," Gerald proposed bluntly, "will you tell me how and where to find Mademoiselle de Poniere?"

The jeweler's brow was almost frigid. "My word is passed to these two ladies, milord. I have no information

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to give you."

"You cannot even tell me what relation they were to Monsieur Zubin?"

"There is no question of relationship, milord. Monsieur Zubin was, I understand, the steward entrusted with the realization of certain properties belonging to mademoiselle. I do not know whether I have a right even to say so much," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "but it suggests itself that it was owing to Monsieur Zubin's embezzlements—he is reported to have lost several millions at the tables here—that the ladies whom we have been discussing found themselves temporarily embarrassed."

Gerald laid down the pearls.

"If you care to keep these for me for a week," he proposed, "until I get the money from London, I will have them."

The man bowed.

"Milord can take them with him," he said, "or permit me to send them to the hotel. Payment can be as delayed."

"I have committed an extravagance," Gerald confessed, as the two young men continued their stroll. "I have given seven thousand pounds for a pearl necklace."

"Great Scott! Why?"

"Because I was right in my surmise. It was Pauline's necklace, left there so that they could pay their bills. Mademoiselle's rings are there, too. Pretty sort of adventuresses, Christopher!"

"But what are you going to do with the necklace?" Christopher always intensely practical, demanded.

"I am going to keep it until I meet Mademoiselle de Poniere again," Gerald replied. "Then I shall be able to allow to present it to her."

Christopher looked up toward the hills.

"It's too misty for golf," he said. "Shall we go and see Myrtle?"

"I suppose so," Gerald agreed, without marked interest. "Any news from your nursery governess friends?"

"They can't take her for a month or so," Christopher replied. "I don't quite know what to do about it. I must leave on Thursday week."

Gerald laughed.

"And you daren't trust her here with me, old chap, is that it?"

"Something like it, I'm afraid," the other admitted frankly.

Gerald sighed.

"What a Lothario you must think me!" he declared. "As a matter of fact, Chris, I don't think that the ingenuities attract me very much. I am too young and unsophisticated myself. It is hardened sinners like you who are bowled over by rusticity and morals. I prefer something a little more advanced in the world's ways."

"Then, for heaven's sake, leave the others alone!" Christopher enjoined curtly. "We have a difficult task before us with Myrtle, especially as, for once in her life, Mary doesn't seem inclined to help us. Treat the child sensibly, for heaven's sake."

"What do you mean by 'sensibly,' old chap?"

"Well, remember that she has to be a nursery governess and not a Parisian demi-mondaine. It's idiotic to take her to these smart restaurants and dancing places. It's outside her life. It gives her false ideas."

"Frankly, you bore me about Myrtle," Gerald declared. "You ought to have been born in the days of dear old Oliver Cromwell. My idea is that girls were made to live like butterflies, to be happy just in the few hours when the sun shines."

"You have not even the philosophy of the pagan," Christopher retorted. "You forget that the butterfly enjoys the supreme advantage of being unen-

cumbered with a soul."

The street door was suddenly opened to their faces. They had arrived at Myrtle's lodgings, to find her leaning into the street. She seemed to look through Christopher at Gerald, who was a piece or two behind. Her smile was wonderful.

"I knew that something pleasant was going to happen this morning," she exclaimed. "I felt it when I got up."

"You were quite right," Gerald assured her. "Something very pleasant is going to happen. I am going to take you over to Nice in the car to lunch."

Myrtle clapped her hands.

"Wait one moment," she begged. "I must go and get some different gloves. I'll catch you up before you get to the corner of the street."

The two young men strolled slowly on. There was a serious expression on Christopher's face.

"And you are taking Myrtle to Nice—Mademoiselle de Poniere having left," Christopher continued thoughtfully.

Gerald frowned.

"That was rather my idea," he admitted.

HE GETS IT AGAIN

Percy—Yes, I judge others by myself, don't you?

Peggy—Really! But isn't that rather a low standard of judgment?

Moving a House

The owner of a bungalow at Penton Hook, whose lease of the land had expired, moved the entire structure on a barge to Chertsey. The bungalow was loaded and unloaded with the furniture inside.—London Mail.

Requiem, as it Were

Walter (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest—No! I was telling; I thought you were dead!

Wants Second-Hand Grave

A Chelsea (England) resident advertised in a local paper for a "second-hand" grave to hold two or more in Brompton cemetery.

On Dressing Table

Quite an acquisition of the dressing table is an oval basket of rose or blue leather that holds four small bottles with enameled tops. The bottles are shaped so that they fit snugly into the oval.

Gold Production

Accurate gold statistics have been kept for 450 years. In that time \$10,000,000 fine ounces of gold have been produced, valued at \$18,000,000,000. About \$8,000,000,000 of it has been made into money, the remainder having been used in the industrial arts or in some way lost.

Most Neurotic Country

The United States is the most neurotic country in the world, with Britain a close second, according to a Cambridge university professor. He stated that anyone who smoked twenty cigarettes a day puts 6 per cent of his blood out of play.

Books Read by Lincoln

The list of books read by Lincoln when he was a boy included the Bible, "Puritan's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Weem's Life of Washington," "A History of the United States" and the "Statutes of Indiana."

## Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets. These we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

Myrtle came down the street toward them. Gerald's face cleared—as he watched her, it was lit with a wave of admiration.

"She is like a piece of floating sunshine," he declared enthusiastically. "Chris, I'm not at all sure that she ought to be a nursery governess. She's going to be beautiful enough to turn the heads of half the men in Europe."

"It will be very largely our responsibility," Christopher said, lowering his voice a little as Myrtle drew near. "Whether that beauty is going to be a curse or a happiness to her. Don't you forget that, Gerald."

(To be continued)

## Hard to Kill

From South Carolina comes the story of a farmer who decided to find out just how much heat and cold a boll weevil can stand. He caught one and froze it into a cake of ice, left it there for 24 hours, then thawed the ice and was astonished to see the bug stretch its wings and walk away. He caught it again, put it under a pan on the stove and built up a good fire. The stove got red hot, the pan got red hot, and evidently the weevil also got red hot. At any rate when the farmer lifted the pan the weevil flew out the window and set fire to the barn. The moral of the yarn is not quite clear, but probably it has something to do with the old maxim: "Never depend on the weather to kill bugs.—Youth's Companion.

## Long in One Factory

Swiss papers report the recent retirement of a seventy-two-year-old textile worker of Wetzlar, after having worked in the same factory since her eighth birthday. Her last day was made a festive occasion by her fellow-tollers. The table at which she had labored so many years was covered with flowers and more material gifts.

## When a Worm Turns

If the worm would always turn when it ought, a fishworm wouldn't cross three feet of cement sidewalk when the turf is three inches away.

## Some Traveler

The balance wheel of a watch revolves 18,000 times an hour, which means that it travels about 2,500 miles a year if constantly in use.



## Moving a House

The owner of a bungalow at Penton Hook, whose lease of the land had expired, moved the entire structure on a barge to Chertsey. The bungalow was loaded and unloaded with the furniture inside.—London Mail.

## Requiem, as it Were

Walter (after guest has rung for ten minutes)—Did you ring, sir?

Guest—No! I was telling; I thought you were dead!

## Wants Second-Hand Grave

A Chelsea (England) resident advertised in a local paper for a "second-hand" grave to hold two or more in Brompton cemetery.

## On Dressing Table

Quite an acquisition of the dressing table is an oval basket of rose or blue leather that holds four small bottles with enameled tops. The bottles are shaped so that they fit snugly into the oval.

## Gold Production

Accurate gold statistics have been kept for 450 years. In that time \$10,000,000 fine ounces of gold have been produced, valued at \$18,000,000,000. About \$8,000,000,000 of it has been made into money, the remainder having been used in the industrial arts or in some way lost.

## Most Neurotic Country

The United States is the most neurotic country in the world, with Britain a close second, according to a Cambridge university professor. He stated that anyone who smoked twenty cigarettes a day puts 6 per cent of his blood out of play.

## Books Read by Lincoln

The list of books read by Lincoln when he was a boy included the Bible, "Puritan's Progress," "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Weem's Life of Washington," "A History of the United States" and the "Statutes of Indiana."

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA





## SENORITA ALOMA

Her Pathetic Figure  
Made Court Relent

Senorita Mariblanca Bahas Aloma, charming, twenty-two-year-old, suffragist of Havana, Cuba, was the first member of the "Veterans and Patriots" who was tried on charges arising from that organization's agitation against the Zayas administration. She was convicted and fined \$100. She made such an appealing figure in the court, however, that her inability to raise the entire sum was excused and the court gave her the remaining part of the fine as a present.

SLAYERS OF FRANKS  
BOTH PLEAD GUILTYTense Audience Hears Darrow  
Throw Leopold and Loeb  
on Meroy of Court.

Chicago.—Coming from them all hope of freedom as easily as they killed for a thrill, Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., and Richard A. Loeb risked their lives upon the outcome of their last great experiment with human nature. Chief Justice Caverly of the Criminal Court, is the subject of the final dramatic experiment of their lives. Their pleas of "guilty" have placed their lives in his hands.

It is a gamble, a toss of the dice. It is unique in the list of their gruesome experiments, in that each side has a chance.

Benjamin Bachrach, of counsel for the two, said:

"The bridges are burned behind. There is no retreat.

"They can lose, they cannot win. It is now without the power of the court to send them to an asylum. It is out of our power. It is a jail sentence or death."

Clarence S. Darrow, chief of counsel for the defense, formally entered pleas of guilty for his clients. Called to the bar, both youths said they realized what the plea meant.

And it means one of these three results:

A sentence of death.  
A sentence of life imprisonment in Joliet.

A sentence of imprisonment of not less than fourteen years and not more than seventy-five.

Alienists will take the stand for the defense. They will testify as to the mental condition and degree of responsibility of the college honor men.

WORLD NEWS IN  
CONDENSED FORM

BOSTON.—Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Harvard physical training authority, dies.

NEW YORK.—The liner Boston of the Eastern Steamship Company, bound from Boston to New York, was rammed in a dense fog in Long Island Sound by an oil tanker, the Swift Arrow. Four passengers were killed.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—Within thirty days from the date of his nomination, John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President, must nominate Pennsylvania members of his party for Presidential electors, or the duty will fall upon Governor Charles W. Bryan.

KANSAS CITY.—Middle West is optimistic as crop prices advance.

NEW YORK.—Edward M. Fuller and William F. McGee, bankrupt stock brokers, held in custody on Governor's Island since last fall for contempt of the Federal Courts, were purged of the charge by Federal Judge Goddard.

CHICAGO.—A proposal by a Chicago newspaper to radicate the campaign has brought over 4,000 replies to a referendum submitted on the question by the newspaper to its readers. Three hundred more persons expressed opposition to the idea than the number which favored the proposal.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Charles W. Elliot, wife of the president emeritus of Harvard University.

VERA CRUZ.—Reports state an epidemic of black smallpox is rampant in the city of Tuxtepec, in the state of Oaxaca, and that more than 100 deaths have already occurred from the plague.

NEW YORK.—After serving only one day as a major general so that he might receive the pay due to that grade, Major General Hutcheson, one of the most distinguished officers of the United States army, was retired.

CAMPAIGN BY  
RADIO DIFFICULTExperts Say Managers Fail to  
Figure on Expense and Limita-  
tions of Broadcasting.

WINDJAMMER IS NOW DOOMED

Radio Listeners Says Expert, Would  
Tune Out Perpetrator of Old-Fash-  
ioned Harangue—Politicians  
Face New Situation.

New York.—Managers of national, State and local political organizations who have recently flocked forward with announcements that they intended to make a "radio campaign" are doomed to some disappointment, according to opinions expressed in the offices of the big broadcasting companies. Discussion of the subject was precipitated by announcements in the newspapers from William M. Butler, Republican National Chairman, that President Coolidge would make few public appearances during the campaign, but devote his speech-making largely to the microphone.

"That makes it unanimous," said one broadcasting manager. "Now they've all said they're going to do it. The demand is going to exceed the facilities by far, and some of them are going to be disappointed. We have not only Presidential candidates and the national campaign to handle, but we have State campaigns and others of a more local nature. It simply cannot be done. Radio men in touch with the various national committees have found out one thing, and that is that their officials know almost nothing about the practical problems involved. It devolves upon us to straighten out the tangle. They announce they are going to broadcast, but it is we who will have to deliver the goods."

It was learned that so far no definite arrangements have been made by any of the national committees for broadcasting. The subject is being actively considered, however, by the radio men, who realize the unprecedented problem they have to face.

They pointed out that a national campaign by radio is a complete novelty. There never has been one before. There are no rules. The rules will have to be made up as they go along. Nor are there any data on hand as a result of past experience to serve as a guide to what may be needed. The whole question will have to be studied from the ground up.

An official of one of the largest concerns that broadcasts, who is known for the broad viewpoint with which he looks at all the problems of the industry, consented to discuss the subject for publication provided his name was not used nor his company identified.

"Radio provides an important utility for employment in the forthcoming campaign," this man said, "and, of course, we want to make it available to the greatest possible extent. But the fact remains that the demands all the political managers have expressed would swamp us if we attempted to fill them. They cannot be filled as they stand. What we are faced with, therefore, is the necessity of adjusting the existing facilities to give the utmost possible service."

"This being a national campaign, of course, the national committees are talking about broadcasting the speeches of their candidates all over the country. They are faced with disappointment right there, for that cannot be done except in very limited instances."

"The trouble seems to be that the political managers believe broadcasting to San Francisco is as simple as getting a through telephone wire there. Those who know radio know that is very far from the truth."

"It is obvious that a Republican campaign speech is not going to be devoted to the merits of the Democratic Party, nor that the Democratic orators are going to spend much time extolling the virtues of their opponents. How and where can the line be drawn in fairness? We don't know now. That is one of the things we shall have to learn about as we go along, as we shall have to learn a good many other things in this unprecedented situation."

## WANT TO SELL GRAIN CONCERNS

Firms in Northwest Would Dispose of  
Property to Bureau.

Minneapolis.—Thirty-six grain companies of the Northwest offered to sell their entire holdings, including 1,062 country elevators in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana, to the American Farm Bureau Federation. These holdings also include twenty-two terminal elevators in Minneapolis and twelve in Duluth, with a total capacity of approximately 65,000,000 bushels.

## WHEELER WITH LA FOLLETTE

Montana Senator on Third Ticket as  
"Liberal Aid."

Washington.—Yielding to the appeal of Senator La Follette and his supporters who had offered to endorse him, Senator Wheeler announced that he would accept the Vice-Presidential nomination on the La Follette Independent ticket.

Mr. Wheeler previously declared that while he would support La Follette, he was unwilling to become his running mate.

## JEFFERSON CAFFERY

Charge d'Affaires at  
the Tokyo Embassy

Studio portrait of Jefferson Caffery, counselor of the United States Embassy at Tokyo, who has been appointed Charge d'Affaires until a successor is appointed to Ambassador Woods.

HUGHES SAYS EUROPE  
WILL HAVE OUR HELPOld World Can Count on Support  
of Court Idea and Help in  
Rehabilitation.

London.—American assistance in necessary measures for the economic rehabilitation of Europe may be counted upon, declared Charles M. Hughes, Secretary of State of the United States, in an address at a dinner given by the Pilgrims.

"It does not matter that this aid is not given by the Government," Mr. Hughes continued. "I may give it as my conviction that had we attempted to make America's contribution to the recent plan of adjustment a governmental matter we should have been involved in a hopeless debate and there would have been no adequate action."

"We should have been beset with demands, objections, instructions. This is not the way to make an American contribution to economic revival."

"You have the Dawes plan and you have had the participation of American experts with the liberty of constructive effort which was essential because it was undertaken in the only way in which success was possible. When you deal with economic rehabilitation you doubtless have in mind such contribution as America may be able to give in disinterested advice, and later in participation in the absolutely essential loan."

"The important, indeed the indispensable, thing is that methods should be contrived and that your disposition should be such that assistance of that sort can be rendered."

"My confidence that a way will be found to surmount all the existing difficulties lies in the fact that failure would invite chaos. There is no gain to anyone in that. On the other hand, going forward with reasonable measures to put the plan into effect gives hope to all."

LATEST EVENTS  
AT WASHINGTONAmerica Will Help Europe, Secretary  
Hughes Tells Pilgrims in an Address  
in London.

Loophole in publicity provision of new Tax Law defeats its purpose, according to Senators Couzens and Jones.

President Coolidge, unmoved by rivals' whirlwind campaigning plans, still declines to consider speechmaking tour.

Frederick C. Hicks, of Port Washington, L. I., former Representative from the First New York District, will have charge of the Republican headquarters in New York City.

Women-in-Congress campaign being actively pushed.

Coolidge and guests marooned in little Virginia town when tide ebbs and they are unable to reboard their yacht.

Population of the United States is now 112,978,611, according to census bureau estimates. New York City boasts 6,015,534.

President Coolidge has tentatively accepted the invitation of the Labor Day Committee of the Central Trades Labor Council to attend the Labor Day celebration at Fort Hamilton.

La Follette to start campaign in New York.

Tribute to the memory of Washington was paid by President Coolidge, who interrupted his week-end cruise on the Mayflower to visit Wakefield, Va., the birthplace of the first President.

The newly-formed board of tax appeals announced its regulations governing cases which the Treasury has been unable to settle with the taxpayers. The regulations include a rigid code of rules for persons admitted to practice before the board.

U.S. CONSUL SLAIN  
BY PERSIAN MOBAmerican Official Dies After  
Being Cut and Beaten in  
Streets of Teheran.

COMPANION GRAVELY HURT

Pair Attacked by Mob of Fanatics as  
They Were Photographing a Foun-  
tain—Government Defers Action  
Pending Explanation

Teheran, Persia.—Vice Consul Robert Imbrie, of the United States, who died after he had been beaten by a fanatical mob as he and an American named Melvin Seymour were photographing a sacred fountain, was buried at Teheran, the entire diplomatic corps attending the funeral.

The tragedy was the culmination of recent anti-foreign and particularly anti-British activity which had been evidenced in the native press and elsewhere, and which the Government appears unable to check owing to the lack of laws controlling such activities of the press.

The fountain where Imbrie was beaten and where Seymour, described as a drifter, suffered serious injuries at the hands of the crowd, is supposed by the natives of the city to have been the scene a few days ago of a miracle and ever since huge crowds have been making pilgrimages to it.

## No Attempt to Place Blame

Washington.—Instructions were received by the Persian legation from its Government to express to the Washington Government its deep regret over the killing of Vice Consul Robert Imbrie by a native mob at Teheran and to state that the Persian Government will do "all in its power to fulfill its duties in this case."

The Persian Government, it was added, is seeking "the guilty persons in the case and will take all possible steps to secure their punishment."

First advices on the killing from Joseph S. Kornfeld, United States Minister at Teheran, were received at the State Department, but were regarded as too meagre to form the basis of any decision as to responsibility for the death of Imbrie. Summarizing these advices in a statement, the department said:

"A cablegram from the American Minister at Teheran, Joseph S. Kornfeld, dated on the evening of July 18, states that Vice Consul Imbrie succumbed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to the shock following an assault by a mob which practically cut and beat him to death."

"The Minister reports that for some days throughout the city there had been denunciations of Bahais, a religious sect, and many religious demonstrations. It appears that at 11 a. m. the Vice Consul, accompanied by Seymour, a prisoner in the Consulate, stopped their carriage in front of one of these demonstrations, and it was alleged that the Vice Consul had taken pictures."

"The mob rushed upon him, crying out that he was a Bahai, and, though the servant of an American missionary cried out that he was the American Consul, the mob took no heed of the statement, dragged the Americans from their carriage and attacked them savagely. The Minister adds that Seymour's condition is grave, and that he could make no statement."

Reference by Minister Kornfeld to Melvin Seymour as a "prisoner in the Consulate" was regarded by officials as presenting no unusual feature, as he is understood to have been tried by the United States Consular Court in Persia for alleged mistreatment of native workmen engaged in oil development projects in which he was interested.

Under the extra-territoriality court system set up by agreement between the United States and Persian governments, Americans are tried by American courts in Persia, rather than by native tribunals, and this policy is followed whenever trouble develops between Americans and natives in that country. Such a trial was reported to have been held for Seymour, the sentence of the court being a year's confinement in the Consulate.

PIMPLES OVER  
FACE AND ARMSLarge and Red. Itched.  
Cuticura Healed.

"I had pimples break out all over my face and arms. They were hard, large and red, and were so itchy that they caused me to scratch, which made them worse. My face and arms were a sight. The trouble lasted about nine months."

I heard about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some, and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Julia Borella, 235 Oak St., Bridgewater, Mass., Oct. 2, 1923.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin. Sample Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Mail Box 44, New York City." Send 10¢ for Soap Box, Ointment and Talcum. Talcum 5¢.

## The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Interest at the rate of  
**4½ Per cent**  
Per AnnumDeposits made on, or before Saturday, July 19,  
1924, begin to draw interest on that date.

## THE REAL TEST

of a man's financial ability consists not so much in acquiring as in saving. Decide to save a part of each earned dollar—and deposit regularly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month,  
draws interest from the 1st of that month.THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST  
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE OF THE PREMIERE

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY  
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAll Orders  
Promptly  
Attended toCHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY  
TELEPHONE CONNECTIONAll Goods  
are Fresh  
AbsolutelyNEW ENGLAND NEWS  
IN TABLOID FORMNews of General Interest  
From the Six States

Raymond L. Watterson, a 7-year-old boy, dropped dead in Penacook, N. H., as he was taking a cow to pasture. A young companion said Raymond fell without a word and was dead when the doctor arrived.

A rat lured a large dog nearly to its death at Winsted, Conn. The rat, chased by the dog, ran 1000 feet into a 10-inch drain, when the dog became wedged in the pipe. A pick and shovel were used to dig down to the drain, break the tile and rescue the dog, which had been imprisoned 10 hours.

John Shean of Boston called on C. C. Brown of Colchester, Conn., and gave him \$3.25 that he claimed he had owed for a pair of shoes that he had bought more than 30 years ago when Brown conducted a general store there. Brown had no recollection of the bill, but Shean insisted on paying him.

Mrs. Carolyn V. C. Raymond of Norwalk, Ct., whose engagement to Dr. Junius Hardin McHenry of New York City has been announced, will lose a \$200,000 bequest from her late husband by marrying Dr. McHenry. If she remarries the amount will go to Mr. Raymond's daughter by a former marriage.

The three-story colonial wooden farmhouse at Kents Island, Newbury, Mass., owned by Albert Parsons, was destroyed by fire together with most of its contents. The farmhouse was built in 1812 and contained a large number of valuable antiques, including oil painting owned by Leonard N. Kent, whose ancestors had occupied the island more than 250 years.

The subcommittee on street traffic of the Boston Chamber of Commerce is at it again, counting automobiles and making "a comprehensive traffic count of every vehicle entering and leaving downtown Boston." The figures show that the busiest hour of the day is between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening and that the busiest of all downtown streets is Beacon street below Arlington. In this evening hour some 15,000 automobiles are moving in the downtown section.

The most extensive trials ever given a warship by the United States government await the super-dreadnaught West Virginia, which will begin her standardization tests on the Rockland, Me., course Aug. 15, according to messages received from Washington. In addition to the ordinary standardization and endurance trials, it was said, a great number of special tests will be applied to the West Virginia to demonstrate her various capabilities.

## BANKERS OPPOSE LOAN PLAN

Say They Cannot Deal on the Terms  
Arranged.

London.—The Inter-Allied premiers' conference on a reparation settlement struck a serious snag when it became known that the bankers who will have the responsibility of raising \$200,000,000 as a loan to Germany had served notice on the statesmen that the report of the first committee dealing with safeguards was not satisfactory. International financiers demand more security.

## LAYS CANCER TO RICH FOOD

Danish Expert Blames Civilization's  
Fleshpots.

Copenhagen.—Civilization is blamed for the increase of cancer by Dr. Mikkel Hindhede, Danish nutrition expert. He points out that the non-cultured races and aborigines do not contract cancer of the digestive organs until they become acquainted with civilization's fleshpots.

Dr. Hindhede is of the opinion that liver cancer is due chiefly to over-eating of rich food.

## DECIDING ON WORTH OF A WIFE

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ellie dashed up the piazza steps, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes flashing sparks, and dropped into the handiest chair, sighing: "Of—all—things! The old idiot! Always did hate him—now I hate even to think of him!"

"Because of what? And who is he?" Aunt Margaret questioned magisterially. Ellie fell from sputtering to laughing hard—so hard it was two minutes before she could answer. "Old Mr. Jaggars! He—he asked me to marry him—right away—and before three other folks in the store."

"Did—eh? Thought he'd have to ask somebody before long?" Aunt Margaret returned, bridling.

"Then why in the world didn't he ask you?" Ellie lunged back. "But—he'd be most too old for my eyes. Why, they say he's been old Jaggars pretty nearly ever since the town was a town."

"Why didn't you ask him that?" Aunt Margaret returned, acridly. "I don't want him—do you mighty sure of that—but it would 'a' been a mighty fine come-back to the poor old fool."

"What made you say you were looking for him to try for a wife?" Ellie asked.

"Again Aunt Margaret bridled. 'I knew he needed money,' she said, her accent tentative."

Ellie started. "Money! I haven't got any—only expectations—if I live long enough."

"Lucky for you—if you had the money in hand, it would be spent before you could more'n say Jack Robinson," from Aunt Margaret.

"Why, you talk like I was a wicked spendthrift!" Ellie protested.

"Hush! Shook her head. 'No—you're near-thrift,' she said. 'But—money burns holes in Zeb Dancy's pockets—if you had it in hand he'd have you—in less 'n no time.'"

"How dare you!" Ellie cried, springing up and stamping her foot. "As you seem not to know it, let me tell you out-footed, I could have him right now—or any time I choose, even to look yes."

"Better look it some other way—say when Jimmy Cole is passing," Aunt Margaret said with a lurking smile. "Jimmy don't hate money, but—it won't count in wife-choosin' with him. Oah! say that for your friend Zeb—he hates it so, he's always wantin' to get rid of it."

"Is that why you hate him so?" Ellie queried.

Aunt Margaret shook her head vigorously. "I don't hate him—only his ways. Sponging for everything on that black-robed old Jaggars, his uncle—now—talk of it. I'll bet a hat he's behind this urge to matrimony."

"Explain!" Ellie demanded imperatively.

Aunt Margaret laughed grimly before answering. "Ever since he opened that jewelry shop, forty years back, he's been sellin' stuff that stuck in the show cases for notes, payable when he got married. Must have thousands in cash notes by this time—folks that like 'em felt like the things were free gifts. It was beyond 'em to think of Jaggars gettin' a wife—home, and a cross-patch, and never goin' to church—and always makin' out he's a pinch-penny—though I've known him to be mighty liberal, if nobody had to know about it."

"How funny!" Ellie exploded. "How did you know he needs money?"

"Easy as breathin'—he tried to borrow some of me—when Joe Sims paid his mortgage last week—" from Aunt Margaret.

"And you wouldn't lend it! Shame on you, Margaret!" Ellie cried merrily.

Aunt Margaret flushed faintly, flung up her head and said: "None of your business, Miss Impudence! Just my own lone self's!"

Ellie was darting toward the steps. Over her shoulder she said, gayly: "The plot thickens—I'm bound to solve it. Going now to ask Old Jagg just how much a wife will be worth to him! If the figure is handsome enough I may reconsider. Am sure I could aggravate him to death inside six months."

"I'll stand securely for that—but who is he? I want to know," from Jimmy Cole, who, coming in the back way, suddenly debouched upon the piazza. He was twenty-five, tall, lean, blue, and tanned as becomes the best farmer in all Brush Creek neighborhood. Hexham town knew him almost as well as his own fat acres.

He was Aunt Margaret's best pal—he explained to him instantly all that had passed—with Ellie standing motionlessly at attention, now and then making faces, as Jimmy laughed outright. "Go to it, daughter—it's the chance of a lifetime!" he said at last.

Again her foot stamped—hard. "What would you do—if I took your advice?" she asked, her breath coming quick.

"I wouldn't wait for you—weeds would make you too utterly devastating," he laughed back. "But say—there may be a complication—Old Jaggars may bar Nephew Zeb from the running, after he has passed in his checks—and that would be Tragedy—capital letter tragedy of the first water."

"I hate you! Zeb ought to be here

right now to swear for me," Ellie cried, shrilly away.

Aunt Margaret went for her bonnet—when it was settled to suit her, came beside him smiling and saying, regally: "Now for Old Jaggars! Hope we find them in the middle of things!"

They did not—Ellie must have loitered by the way, they were so near to overtaking her. She had just reached the back of the long shop as they halted upon the entrance—purposefully as though in doubt whether to go in, or go away. Light through the glass door back showed them Jaggars wholly at ease, (hunching a sheet of papers, some time-yellowed, some merely dingy, some white and fresh. They had been sorted evidently into three classes—looking up from them, he said, as though it were the most natural thing in the world: "Well, young lady—did you do the right thing?—run and tell Aunt Mag how bad I want to get married!"

"Of course—but what has she got to do with it?" Ellie retorted. "Do you want to marry me? Or just somebody?"

"Let's get things straight," from Jaggars, his hands hovering over the heaped papers. "I do want 'somebody'—mind not just anybody. Here's reasons enough for my wanting her: notes payable a week after I'm married. Part of 'em no good—not even for waste paper—makers dead, or dead-in-dead-broke—another part will be paid 'subject to discount,' pretty heavy; some of it—but the others are as good as gold—if the earliest of them has been running over thirty years. What d'ye think they're worth? Seventy thousand dollars—interest mounts, you see, even without compounding it. I had that in mind when I made what folks called my crazy trades. Knew I could marry, no matter how long I waited. And after Doc Meredith took Margaret away from me, waiting was sort of second nature."

"Oh!" Ellie broke out. "I never dreamed—so that was why you picked on me?" Jaggars nodded, but ran on: "Knew if I collected the money I'd lose it or spend it. Didn't mean to go to the poor house when I got past work. Yes—I knew you'd be running to Margaret—and sorter break the ice for me."

"But—suppose I had said yes!" Ellie interjected wickily.

Jaggars grinned. "I knew well you wouldn't—not with Jimmy Cole in the way. That cub Zeb hates him, so I know you're sweet on him—"

"You look a great risk," Ellie sighed. "Seventy thousand is—oh! a lot of money. Heaps of fun in spending it—suppose now I take back—"

"We won't let you!" came in chorus from the pair advancing upon them—stately Aunt Margaret actually blushing, and Jimmy the very moral and pattern of impudent joy. Jaggars beamed upon them, holding a hand to each as he said: "It is a heap of money—but nothing like the full worth of a wife. Jimmy, be a good boy and take this child back home, while Margaret and I settle what's best to do next."

Of course there was a double wedding shortly. After it everybody was happy, save and except Zeb Dancy.

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## GERMANY LAND OF QUEER CONTRASTS

Changes Observed by Travelers Since Great War.

We ask the writer about an unfamiliar gem on the map, writes Viola Paradise in the New Republic. He disappears, and presently a white-bearded scholar approaches, adjusting his pince-nez. He speaks in only slightly accented English. "You inquire about this vegetable?"

"Oh, you are very kind—"

"It is somewhat like your turnip in flavor, but it is not a root. It is not of the mustard family." Follow Latin botanical terms, and then the startling conclusion in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Do you wish to order it?"

We are taken aback. "Oh, the waiter—"

"No matter. He is taking care of my table. We often exchange."

We give our order in embarrassment. "But surely," one of us explodes, "you sound more like a scientist than a waiter!"

A moment's pause. Then he says: "The lady is astute. My life—before—was devoted to science. Now it is easier to sustain life serving vegetables than teaching them."

A little fish, perhaps? It is excellent today."

When an accident happens in Berlin, scatter, vanish. Otherwise you will be held as a witness, which is not without its compensations. Motor car accident; smashed wheels. An American saunters up to regard the scene. Suddenly he realizes that he is alone except for the active participants. He must come along as a witness, the police insist.

The "black Maria"—or rather, its German equivalent—is here. "But I am an American!" he repeats.

At the station they ask him questions; he answers persistently in English. "I know nothing about it. I am an American." Over and over. It is obviously true, no one denies it. At last he may go. Only first there is something to pay—a few million marks. "But why? It is for the ride to the station in the 'black Maria.'"

A pleasant American business man, on a year's leave of absence, having "a grand time." No money worries, his dollar buys so much. Some adventures, too. That time, for instance, when he offered his seat to an old lady in a Berlin street car and a pompous blond man popped into it.

No American could stand for that. He explains to the man that the seat had been offered to the lady. A stony glare. Then his strong right American hand grasps the pompous blond by his shirt front, draws him from the seat, holds him amazed, spluttering, outraged, until the old lady has her place. Now the dumfounded German finds his tongue: "Sir! Do you realize who I am? In the Kaiser's army I was an officer! I am a retired army officer!"

"You may be all that, buddy," says the American, in a good-humored tone, "but you're no gentleman."

Two German workmen from the other end of the car leave their seats to come and shake hands with the American.

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## Yale Gets Papers of Great Colonial Divine

The Yale university library has been presented with a collection of the once famous "Thumb Papers" of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan Edwards, colonial New England's great theologian, says the New York Times. Puritan and colonial New England for the most part had some contempt for a person who would either read his sermons or preach with anything more than the briefest reference to notes. A great exhorter had to be inspired, else he had no right to occupy a pulpit in those stern fundamentalist days. Many great theologians would open the Bible at random, seize any verse, pass a text and then preach from that text for hours with the firm belief that the hand of the Almighty had guided him to the chapter and verse upon which he based his sermon.

The Rev. Timothy Edwards belonged to that school. A graduate of Harvard of the class of 1691, he was ordained pastor of a newly-founded Congregational church at Windsor, Conn., in 1694 and occupied the pulpit of that church for 64 years. He was well acquainted with Hebrew literature and was particularly distinguished for his accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics. In preparing his sermons "Mr. Edwards would note on small slips of paper his 'firstlines' and 'secondlines.' Then he would study these manuscript outlines, but when he entered the pulpit he would leave them in his study."

For many years it was his custom to preach entirely without notes, but one sermon, a copy of which is in the Yale library, is known to have been written in full by Mr. Edwards. This was preached at the general election in 1732.

Of these papers, Dr. Sereno Edwards Dwight, son of the elder president Timothy Dwight, wrote: "He always preached extemporaneously, and, until he was upwards of seventy, without noting down the heads of his discourse. After that time he commonly wrote the divisions on small slips of paper, which, as they occasionally appeared between the leaves of the Bible that he held in his hand, his parishioners called 'Mr. Edwards' thumb papers.'"

These papers, the gift to Yale of Dr. James Hosmer Penhman of Philadelphia, cover 68 pages and include sermons preached in 1722 and 1723.

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## Claim Columbus Landed on Island in Bahamas

The landing place of Christopher Columbus when he discovered America is on an island now known as Watling Island, "Watling Island," in the Bahamas, is so called after one of the numerous intrepid British whalers who crossed the seas to acquire various lands and luxuries that did not naturally belong to them. Columbus, according to his journal as published by Las Casas, christened the island San Salvador immediately on landing, says the Detroit News.

The island was originally called Guanahani by the Arawak Indians, who inhabited it at the time of Columbus' discovery in 1492. The Arawaks are now extinct, except in certain parts of South America. They were not a fierce race, but pastoral people and fishermen at the time Columbus discovered them. The Caribs, who inhabited Jamaica, were cannibals, making continual war on their Arawak neighbors.

Whether San Salvador Island was the actual landing place of Columbus has been disputed for many years, owing to confusing statements in the Las Casas journal. But American and British research has established the fact that San Salvador is entitled to the honor of being the first landing place, for examination of the topography of Watling and its neighboring isles established its identity through the testimony of no less than the discoverer, who described the island on which he landed.

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## Holland Cows Always Well Taken Care Of

Cows in Holland are treated with as much consideration as human beings. They have the best of food. Their sheds are furnished. They even have overcoats when they go out.

There are lace curtains in the windows of many Dutch cowsheds. And the floors are laid with shining white tiles, kept spotlessly clean.



# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.



## South African Witch

### Doctor Cannot Lose

When a South African native becomes ill the last thing that occurs to him is that natural causes have anything to do with his malady. "N'de takatwe," he cries out in great mental anguish. "N'de takatwe—I have been bewitched." Thereupon he does one of two things. He either seeks some quiet place where he may lie down and give up the ghost, or else he carries his troubles to a witch doctor and beseeches him to drive out the evil spirits that he believes the magic of some spiteful enemy to have placed in occupation of his body, writes G. K. Chesterton in the Continental edition of the London Mail.

Upon payment of a suitable fee the witch doctor takes up his efforts in a manner vaguely resembling a barrister accepting a brief. While the barrister takes down his law books, searched for precedents and tunes up his eloquence, the witch doctor does even stranger things, such as the throwing about of bones, the lighting of a magic fire and the murmuring of incantations that are older than the hills and very nearly as old as some of our legal precepts.

Should the patient get better he regards it as a triumph for his consulting wizard, and, overwhelming that individual with presents, he goes his merry way. On the other hand, should he get worse and die, it becomes obvious to all that the magic of the unspeakable enemy has gained the victory and the only thing his friends can do is to see that the poor wretch gets an adequate burial.

## Finds House Built of Mud 200 Years Ago

After weathering the sunshines and storms of perhaps two centuries, a two-story house, built of mud from foundation to roof, has been discovered by a Philadelphia building inspector and condemned.

Close examination of the unique structure, which stands at 822 Buttonwood street, revealed that builders of 200 years ago used the same methods of pouring mud into wooden molds as is used today in the construction of modern concrete buildings.

To the generations of men, women and children that have passed it, the house has stood as a landmark, but not one of noteworthy history. A week ago it was to the passing citizenry only a house on a street, "that's been there for many years."

## Queen Elizabeth's Tree

Over 300 years ago Queen Elizabeth planted a tree at Hingham, England. Later on immigrants established the new town of Hingham in Massachusetts. The tree grew and flourished and eventually died and the town fathers of old Hingham had the tree sawed up and three chairs were made from the lumber. One of the three has been presented to the Old First church of Hingham, Mass., the oldest place of public worship in the American colonies. The church, built in 1681, still stands on its original site. The chairs are the most recent of several remembrances sent to new Hingham from old Hingham, which from 1683 to 1689 furnished many of the earliest settlers of the Massachusetts town. In 1911 Ambassador James Bryce presented the town a stone from the village green of the old town.

## Epitaph Premature

His own epitaph was read by R. Soglietti when he visited a battle ground and military cemetery at Ram-bervillers, in the Vosges. Soglietti discovered a tombstone, surmounted by a white cross, together with that of his old regiment. Soglietti had fallen on that very battlefield in 1914, severely wounded, but had eventually recovered. He is now in receipt of a pension as being permanently disabled. He has reported the matter to the military authorities, and has requested to be allowed to live a little longer.

The Harvard business school announces the appointment of a jury of nine to determine the best advertisements submitted in competition for the Harvard advertising awards, founded last fall by Edward W. Bok. The business school is administrator of the awards.

## Correct Footwear Question of Hour

### Well-Dressed Woman Never Overlooks Matter of Proper Shoes.

The well-dressed woman of today takes much interest in her footwear, for she has learned that the most finished costume lacks the final note if the shoes she wears with it are not properly chosen.

Last year styles ran to extremes in shapes and colors. Often when the designer had finished his work, little was left of the original leather but a strap or two and a sole. Today the cut-out work is still rampant, but in a much more artistic form, and so fashioned that the foot gets a portion, at least, of the support it needs to keep the arches from slipping out of place.

Evening shoes are shown of kid and of satin, and colors to match the frock. Hostlers this year incline to match the color of the shoes, instead of linking to itself outstanding lines that have little in common with the footwear it supplements. Buckles on evening slippers are of rhinestone, and come in many exquisite designs.

For afternoon wear, the sandal shoe finds favor, but it is a modest sandal that has an ankle vamp, reaching to the instep, where the heel is held firmly by a strap. The heel is medium height, and in no way extreme. It would seem that more common sense, and ideas of comfort have entered this year, than for several previous seasons.

There are pumps in light shades piped in darker color to wear with the tailored suit and for street. These, too, have a bit of the cut work, but only a small amount just above the instep to mark them of 1924 vintage. The vamp comes well up over the foot, and the medium heel makes this shoe very comfortable for walking and easy to wear.

The two-strap model is smart for daytime wear, and comes in a variety of colors. White is often trimmed in black and the small buckles of silver or nickel give them a little of the air of colonial.

Sports shoes range in all colors of browns and grays and black and white. Moderately pointed toes mark some of the newer models, while others have the broad heel end and are rather broad, giving the woman who likes comfort in footwear a chance to find the shoe that fits her foot easily and still follow the trend of fashion.

## Striking Dress Coat for Early Fall Wear



Heavy black satin is combined with black ostrich, and embroidered in yellow chrysanthemums to make this new dress coat, designed for early fall wear.

## Novelties in Shoes Latest to Be Offered

The latest ideas in shoes are introduced as novelties, though no item in a woman's costume is more important for her comfort and happiness as well as her appearance. A really chic woman might have been bewildered last season by the wild shapes exploited, but she may now find unique conventional shoes of artistic design—lines flattering to the most patrician foot—made of fine qualities of kid in all the beautiful new shades.

Black, especially in patent leather, is still used for daytime in colorials and oxfords, and in satin, to wear with black evening gowns. But kid soft as a glove, gentle to the most sensitive foot and having an appearance of quiet elegance, is the thing, and its vogue is growing impartially. The gay colors have disappeared absolutely for today wear, being shown only in the smartest for sports, with scarlet and white blue and white, green or mauve and white, which are extremely popular among the younger set.—New York Times.

## Charming White Flannel Suit for Summer Wear



For girls as for men, this is a flannel season. Here is shown a winsome outfit—dainty white—for informal wear.

## Parasols Are Much in Summer Fashion Picture

There has been a change of sentiment regarding the charm of a tanned complexion, and parasols are having a sweeping vogue, observes a fashion authority in the New York Times. All of the new modes in gowns, the latest patterns, colors, even materials, are repeated in the latest parasols received from Paris. There are taffeta silks, in plaid colors, plaids, checks and stripes. In some models a plaid and plain silk are used in alternate bands around the parasol. There are crepes in plain colors and printed in all the new patterns; in floral designs, basket, conventional.

The covering of one new parasol is an especially drawn design, ebullient in character, in black, white and rose, with a tracery of gold. The picturesque sunshades shown earlier for the Palm Beach season are in evidence in variations. A white silk shade on sticks of white bamboo tipped with ivory has a sea gull in natural grays, white and black painted across the top.

A parasol of white gauze stretched over a white enameled frame and lined with white silk is painted with a mass of roses in natural colors. The printed crepes in black and white and colors, silk printed with a Japanese pattern, large polka dots in colors on white and black on white, and the palm leaf design seen so much in the new dress silks are all very popular.

Pongee parasols are new and summery. Most are shown in the natural shade, many with a border of colored velvet ribbon two or three inches wide. In these are also pretty shades of green, orange and red, each with a border of contrasting color, oftenest black.

To carry with the light summer dresses are charming parasols of ribbon. A Parisian novelty is made of wide rainbow ribbon in slightly gathered ruffles. Another is covered with frills of narrow ribbon and one other with small frills of valenciennes lace. Flowered chiffons in the sweetest patterns and colors cover some of the white silk parasols. Frame and stick are of white enamel or light wood and colored enamel. Quartz, agate, jade, amber, coral, onyx or gold delicately chased or finely carved wood are used in the handles.

The most extreme novelty is the velvet parasol. One of black liberty velvet is lined with white silk on a frame of white enameled wood, with ivory tips, the stick being of white with a handle of onyx and silver.

## Straight-Line Coat Is Decree of Today's Mode

The coat may be cloth or silk. It may be full length or it may stop several inches short of the skirt hem, but it must be straight of line, asserts a fashion writer.

And with only these few qualifications to fill, there are left to the clever designer numberless original treatments which go to make the wrap a thing of individual style.

She may introduce clever founce effects or she may achieve a coat of slim and straight as a die. Her trimming mediums, though sparingly applied, may be chosen from a remarkably wide range.

There are deep, wrappy collars; there are even fur collars for summer coats. Then there is the scarf finish. The scarf may be of material matching the coat and attached to it. Or it may decide to offer a contrasting note and bring in some soft color combination or a gayly printed motif.

The lining itself is always decorative, whether it offers a plain color contrast or sprinkles some vivid pattern over a plain colored background.

## Einkorn, Spelt and Emmer Crops

### Of Interest to Field Workers Who Seek Information as to Adaptation.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Conclusions drawn from experiments with emmer, spelt, and einkorn, three distinct kinds of crops related to wheat, are presented in a new bulletin just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, Department Bulletin 1107 should be of interest to farmers and more especially to field crop workers who want information as to the adaptation of these crops to the conditions in various sections of the United States. The bulletin seeks also to prevent, so far as possible, the exploitation of these rather minor crops in sections where they are not adapted.

### Emmer Not Hardy.

Winter emmer, say the investigators, is not hardy enough to be grown on the great plains north of Kansas, and even in Kansas it may be winterkilled. It is less productive than winter wheat. Because of its low yields it should not be grown in any part of the United States or Canada.

Spring emmer should not be grown except possibly to some extent in North Dakota, eastern South Dakota, and southern Minnesota for the purpose of increasing crop diversification. In all sections of these states it is outyielded, on the average, by the leading varieties of barley or oats, or both, although in some years at some experimental stations it will outyield these crops. Even under conditions where rust and drought are common, emmer does not compare favorably with barley and oats.

### Spelt Is Productive.

Winter spelt is more productive than barley and oats in a limited portion of Maryland and Virginia where experiments have been conducted, and apparently also in Utah. The limits of its adaptation have not been determined, but it is probable that it will be found to give best results in comparison with other small-grain feed crops in the area between the spring and winter oats and barley areas. It does not produce as high net yields of threshed kernels as does winter wheat, even in those districts where it appears promising.

## Many Realize Rotation of Crops Is Important

Most farmers nowadays realize the value of rotating crops according to some systematic scheme that may best suit the purpose of the farmer, yet on very many farms corn is grown year after year on the same land. The Ohio experiment station has been conducting rotation experiments and growing crops on the same land continuously for the last 30 years and the results they have obtained are, therefore, quite reliable. On one field, where corn has been grown continuously without manure for 37 years, the average yield has been 28.1 bushels per acre. On an adjoining field corn has been rotated with oats for 17 years. On this field eight crops of corn and nine crops of oats have grown during that period. Corn has averaged 41.7 bushels per acre and oats 39.8 bushels. This field also was not fertilized. This two-year rotation of corn and oats teaches a most valuable lesson, for the field has almost produced as many bushels of corn as the field that was in corn every year, and at the same time has produced an average of nearly 40 bushels of oats per acre during the years that this crop was grown.

## Turnips and Rutabagas Are Valuable for Feed

Both turnips and rutabagas can be grown for summer, autumn and winter crops, and are valuable throughout the season as food for all kinds of live stock. The housewife is learning to appreciate both the turnip and rutabaga more each year.

While we need more or less sweets in our daily supply of food, we are being cautioned against the use of sugar, and it is natural to be looking about for other sources of sweets.

The rutabaga is a sweet turnip. These fine yellow and white varieties used as food contain a certain percentage of sugar, and their use as food will supply a need of the body and assist greatly in the reduction of the cost of living.

It will pay to grow both turnips and rutabagas. They will do well on most any soil, but prefer a rich, sandy loam.

## Favor Nitrate of Soda to Fertilize Corn Crop

The yield of corn is determined very largely by the amount of ammonia used in the fertilizer, according to Prof. C. P. Blackwell, agronomist at Clemson college, who thinks that nitrate of soda pays much better on corn than other forms of fertilizers, and that 350 to 200 pounds of soda per acre is not too much to apply to the average land.

Side dressing of soda should be applied to corn when the plants are three to four feet high. Much of the nitrogen is wasted when farmers wait until the corn begins to silk and tassle before applying soda. Much better results are secured when the soda is applied at the proper time. The rate of application of soda will have much to do with the crop secured.

## Cleanliness Is Big Factor With Chickens

### Many Ailments of Young- sters Can Be Prevented.

"The biggest factor in growing good pullets is cleanliness," says W. H. Allen, specialist in poultry husbandry at the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, New Brunswick. "Such troubles as intestinal worms, coecidiosis, and paralysis are some of the troubles in pullet raising which can be prevented by cleanliness. At the time of hatching the chick is free from all diseases except bacillary white diarrhea, and is free from this disease as well, unless the breeding stock is infected. Deaths alone are not caused by disease; digestive organs of surviving chicks may be injured, thus resulting in inefficient food assimilation.

"Cleanliness starts with the coop. This should be thoroughly cleaned each week, the litter and droppings removed and new litter put in. The ground is the next source of trouble to be watched. The soil next to the house should be turned under from time to time, and especially during wet weather. The house should be wired so that the chicks cannot get under it, as this ground will get moldy and become infected with disease. All poultry manure on the farm should be kept dry during the summer months and the manure shed should be screened to prevent flies from breeding in it. Flies are the source of much of the tapeworm troubles. Just because one flock is laying 60 per cent during November, is no reason why all will. Whether a flock lays well next winter or not depends upon how well they have been grown. Last, all old birds should be quarantined from the young stock. Old stock often carry disease, though they may not show it; hence, they are a menace to the growing stock."

## Imported Parasites to Control Alfalfa Weevil

Destructiveness of the alfalfa weevil in the West has led entomologists to give attention for some years to the possibility of using parasites to assist in controlling this pest and to search in Europe, where the alfalfa weevil is native, for suitable species. Of the 12 species which have been brought from Europe into the United States five have shown promise of practical usefulness in Utah. One in particular, *Bathyplectes curculionis*, has become well established, so that it actually swarms in infested fields in this state and, in some instances, destroys over 90 per cent of the weevil larvae. Several promising species of parasites which might aid in controlling other stages of the weevil have thus far failed to become established.

A new department circular, No. 801, entitled "Introduction of Parasites of the Alfalfa Weevil Into the United States," by Thomas H. Chamberlin, entomologist, gives a brief account of the more important imported parasites and discusses the effectiveness of *Bathyplectes curculionis*. It may be obtained, while the supply lasts, by applying to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

## Weeds Harm Soy Beans

One thing the successful soy bean grower learns is that they must be given the right care at the right time. Nothing is so disastrous to them as a crop of weeds growing with them. It is more profitable to grow five acres right than twenty acres full of weeds. Weeds reduce the yield and quality of the beans severely, make cutting very difficult and at thrashing time there is a mass of stuff to handle.

## Farm Hints

Owning a farm home makes for ambition, industry and thrift.

Buy or prepare bluestone paste for treating watermelon stems.

Plan to get some resistant crop into the rotation on soil infested with root knot.

All varieties of soy beans are self-builders and are worth the labor and expense of planting for that purpose alone.

Time invested in helping to build up a better community will pay big dividends in happier and more prosperous people.

All farmers should not go into the raising of hogs in large numbers, but every farmer can have some hogs and make swine raising fit into his other farm operations.

Farmers who grew soy beans last year and saved the seed have made from \$20 to \$100 per acre from the sale of seed, and the crop can be grown after grain.

Any common tin can filled half full of axle grease in which is placed an old, worn-out paint brush, will be found very handy on the farm for greasing plow shares and cultivator shovels.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Song

If a rainbow arches a field where a man is plowing,  
And the furrows long to reach to the rainbow's end,  
Turning their mellow fragrance up to the morning,  
There'll be in that field not only crops to tend.

For something shall grow in the one who turns the furrow  
Akin to the roots that in the soil are born,  
And when he comes to gather all the harvest  
Something in him will be taller than wheat or corn.

But if the rainbow comes where a man is plowing,  
And each slow furrow ends at the end of the field,  
He may have bounteous crops—but after the harvest  
He'll count his gold, complaining of the yield.  
—Glenn Ward Dresbach in the New York Sun.

## To Mine for Bullets in Old Shooting Park

Perhaps the oddest mine in America is operated in a shooting park on the outskirts of one of our large cities. Millions of leaden pellets that have been discharged from guns in this park during the last 20 years are being recovered. For a dozen years or more nine or ten gun clubs have used the park and it is estimated that during that time the contents of four or five million shells have been discharged at clay pigeons in the enclosure. The guns are gauged to carry about 250 yards to the shore line of the river, on the banks of which the mining machinery has been set up.

The soil on the banks of this river is literally filled with the bullets that have fallen here during the last 20 years. Several tons of lead are said to have settled in the soft earth on the river bank. Allowing for a shrinkage of 25 per cent, it is believed that there are from sixty to seventy-five tons of lead which may be recovered. Pig lead can be sold at a price per ton which will yield a handsome profit.

The lead is taken from the soil by the process of placer mining. The outfit for this work consists of a gasoline engine, a pump, force pump, and wooden troughs into which the bullet-incrusted earth is thrown. The lead is separated from the soil by means of running water.

## IT'S COME TO THIS



He—Oh, say! You're not going home already.  
She—Oh, well! I'll wrestle one more fox trot.

## Animal Life Under Desert

There is animal life 200 and 300 feet beneath the burning sands of the Sahara desert. This amazing discovery has been made through experiments of sinking artesian wells at various points. Waters drawn from the great depths were found to contain small crabs, fish and shellfish, all alive. Usually it has been possible to explain the presence of fish in underground waters in the fact that they were locked up during some primeval cataclysm. Those found underneath the Sahara belong to a species inhabiting the lakes of Palestine. Shafts sunk during the last few years in the Sahara prove there are large sheets of water everywhere. Animals found now cause the belief there is a vast underground sea, densely inhabited.

## Brazil Has Odd Bird

A bird that barks like a dog was among the interesting discoveries in Brazil revealed by Capt. S. C. Bullock, who surveyed the Tocantins and Araguaia rivers of North Brazil, in 1922. Captain Bullock describes the bird, as large, like a vulture. It has five talons on each foot, and one on the middle joint of the wings, which measure six feet from tip to tip. It is black except on the breast. Locally the bird is called luma. It is generally found near a lake, and when frightened it takes refuge in a tree.

## Fish Carries Lights

A new species of fish that is brilliantly illuminated and that makes a loud shouting noise when chasing smaller fishes has been discovered in the waters of Monterey bay, Calif., according to Dr. O. W. Greene of the University of Missouri. Its ability to shout is due to the peculiar construction of its swim bladder, he says. The fish is said to carry 350 phosphorescent lights.

## Clock Run by Radium

A clock equipped with \$2,000 worth of radium in a tiny brass tube as the motive power, and which it is believed can operate for 2,300 years without winding, was on display at the convention of the American Medical association at Chicago.

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 25, 1874

The school year closed Thursday with an exhibition at the Rogers High School. At the close of the speaking the medals were awarded as follows: The George H. Norman medals for scholarship to Miss Hattie A. Saunders and to Miss E. H. Swinburne; the Read medal for moral influence to William Henry Lawton, Jr. After the presentation of the medals Rev. Dr. Thayer, to whom Newport is largely indebted for the excellent school, presented the diplomas in a few appropriate remarks, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. C. Hill. The Clarke street School medals were presented as follows: King medal for amiability to Bessie S. Cozzens and Eliza Coggeshall. Read medal for scholarship to William H. Bacheller. The teachers and scholars are now looking forward to a pleasant vacation of seven weeks.

There are at the present time belonging to this port one hundred and thirty-four vessels. These vessels are classed as follows: 1 brig, 47 schooners, 35 sloops, 47 open boats, 8 screw steamers and 5 side-wheel steamers.

Senator Carl Schurz of Missouri is visiting this city.

The new gas building is now reaching the third story and still the work goes on.

The Providence Journal speaking of the late military parade in that city says: "Brigadier General A. L. Burdick, commanding First Brigade and staff, came up from Newport and appeared on parade mounted. They got wet through, of course, but they had the satisfaction of showing more grit than the other general officers of the state militia. The General was the observed of all observers."

A local clergyman lately addressed his female auditors as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord said your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 29, 1899

A meeting of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, was held Friday, the President, Mr. W. W. Sherman presiding. Mr. F. P. Garretson, delegate to the triennial meeting of the General Society at Denver, made a report of the meeting. A committee consisting of W. W. Sherman, William G. Ward, Jr., and John P. Sanborn, was appointed to make arrangements for proper memorial service on the hundredth anniversary of the burial of George Washington, which occurs on the 14th of December next. A committee consisting of Hon. Daniel B. Fearing, Lieut. Commander J. B. Murdock and Mr. F. P. Garretson was appointed to make arrangements for the annual dinner.

On Friday next the new County Jail for Newport County will be turned over to the state by the commission who built it, consisting of Senator J. W. Horton and Representatives John H. Wetherell and Oscar Newell. The keys will be turned over to the Governor, who will in turn deliver them to Sheriff Anthony. Deputy Sheriff Hugh N. Gifford will be the jailer.

Newport has been fortunate in not having suffered from the ravages of severe electrical storms this week as other cities in the state and other parts of New England have suffered. Newport's immunity from heavy thunder storms is one of the pleasant features of a summer residence here.

Someone entered the barn on Union street, of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on Thursday night, taking therefrom a horse, light wagon and a harness. The same night Jacob Marz lost about 100 hens by hen thieves.

The Newport County Agricultural Society will hold its coming fair in Oakland Hall September 12, 13 and 14.

There were four marriages and six deaths recorded in the Tiverton town clerk's office during the month of June.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt and his party of young fellows, in search of adventure, left here this week for a tour of the world. They left in Cornelius Vanderbilt's private car for a five days' run to Vancouver. From there they sail for Japan in the Empress of India July 31.

## Some Americans Do It, Too

One Chinese carpenter is able to go to a house and only look at what is to be repaired and has so trained his sense of sight that he can return to his shop and from memory cut the required lengths of boards needed to make the repairs.

## Not Responsive

"Tain't no use gittin' knowledge you don't use," said Uncle Eben. "I know a man that has read the Bible through 15 times 'bout no noticeable result, 'cep' wearin' out de book."—Washington Star.

## Tough Luck

Willie (to kid in the house)—"Hey, Eddie, come out an' play with me. I got me wagon." Eddie—"I can't. My father's gone to play golf and he's wearin' my knickers."

## MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

At the session of the probate court held at the Town Hall on Monday, July 21, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Elizabeth W. Littlefield—Inventory presented by Ada E. Littlefield, Administratrix, was allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Henry I. Chase—Inventory was returned by Willard B. Chase and James R. Chase, 2d, Administrators with will annexed, allowed and passed for record.

Estate of James R. Chase—Petition of William R. Harvey, Executor, for permission to sell certain stock and shares at private sale, was granted.

Estate of Marjorie G. Chase—Petition of Clara L. Chase, Guardian, for authority to release the right and interest of her ward in the George R. Chase place for a one-twelfth interest in the James R. Chase place, continued to the third Monday in August.

Estate of Lida W. Peckham—Commissioner's Report on disallowed claims confirmed, received and ordered recorded. This report had been continued for further hearing, since February, 1923, and was received on motion of Frank F. Nolan, Counsel for Administrator de bonis non, J. Russell Haire, attorney for Joseph S. Anthony, a creditor whose claim had been disallowed, assenting to the report.

Estate of Charlotte S. Anthony—Notice being waived by all parties in interest, on the petition of Arthur R. Anthony and Alfred C. Anthony, will was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary directed to issue to petitioners as Executors upon their giving a personal bond in the sum of \$1,500.00 to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of Samuel B. Dodge—The petition of Anna R. Franch to prove will and for letters testamentary to be granted her, as Executrix, referred to the third Monday in August and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Rita A. Silva—Petition of Frank F. Nolan to prove will and for letters testamentary to be granted him as Executor referred to the third Monday in August and notice thereon ordered to be given.

In Town Council—Claims for damages done by dogs were presented by Charles L. Slocum of Portsmouth and Joseph Toppa of Middletown. The former had 11 geese killed valued at \$66. The latter had two geese killed and eleven ducks appraised at \$25. The claims were allowed and orders granted on the dog fund of Middletown in favor of the respective claimants.

James W. Barker was authorized to purchase 150 feet of 1½ inch hose and other equipment for the Middletown fire apparatus.

There was an extended hearing on the petition of Ada S. Hoyt, for a license to conduct a victualling house on the Middletown side of Easton's Beach. Councilman Alan R. Wheeler opposed the granting of the petition. He claimed the buildings used by the petitioner were unsuitable and that she had not the facilities for conducting a restaurant. The buildings, in common with others in the same locality, were a blot on Easton's Beach and detracted from the natural attractiveness. Mr. Wheeler moved to reject the petition, which motion was not carried. Petition was finally granted, and license fee fixed at \$10. Petitioner was required to give bond in the sum of \$100, with George Hoyt as surety.

The petition of Rose Muskovich, wife of Philip, for a license to conduct a restaurant at the Seaview Hotel, was granted. Fee was made \$10 and petitioner was directed to give bond in the sum of \$100, with Anthony Cappuccilli as surety.

The petition of Eriena Souza, wife of Joseph, for permission to run a victualling house in a building on land of Anastasia Pouladakis, north of Beach avenue, was denied and dismissed.

Peckham Brothers Company on June 25 was awarded the contract for constructing a new roadbed on Green End avenue, starting from Paradise avenue and extending easterly 1500 feet. The price being \$3.15 for each linear foot constructed.

The work on this new roadbed was reported as progressing in a satisfactory manner.

The President of the town council recommended that the roadbed be extended for another 250 feet, which would make a better terminus and improve the condition of the highway as now existing. It was voted to continue the new construction for 250 feet. The additional cost would preclude the possibility of making additional improvement on Paradise avenue and paying for the same out of the highway appropriation of March 8, 1924.

The President of the council stated he had received a proposal from Peckham Brothers Company to make the improvement on Paradise avenue, 400 feet in length, for \$3.15 per running foot and the Company would wait for the payment of its money until March, 1925. The question was raised as to the legal right of the town council to enter into a contract for any public work, prior to an appropriation being made to defray the cost. It was conceded it had no such legal right. Councilman Alan R. Wheeler advocated ignoring the legal objection and the acceptance of the proposal made by Peckham Brothers Company. He made a motion that the proposal be accepted and it was so voted, and the President of the Council authorized to contract with the Company for doing the work on Paradise ave-

nue, according to its proposal.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Tar Products Corporation, for 5180 gals. Road Tar, \$725.20; Peckham Brothers Co., for 13½ yds. K. P. in Road Dist. No. 3, \$185; Peckham Bros. Co., for 2½ tons Cr. stone for Dist. No. 4, \$5.63; Chester B. Brown, for work on highways in Road Dist. No. 3, \$10.66; Arthur A. Albrow, for services as Traffic Officer, \$38.75; Fillmore Coggeshall, for services as Traffic Officer, \$23; P. M. Conley, for services as Traffic Officer, \$27; M. LeRoy Dennis, for services as Traffic Officer, \$25.60; James Bloomfield, for services as Chief of Police, \$50.50; The T. T. Pitman Corp., for advertising, \$5.15; Marguerite E. Eddy, for examining cultures, \$6; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at town hall, \$3.50; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use of three telephones, \$8.71; Louise H. Stewart, for assistance in town clerk's office for 5 weeks, \$50; Charles Peckham, for making out deeds of burial lots, \$10; Robert M. Wetherell, for work in Middletown Cemetery, \$169.75; Middletown Public Health Nursing Association, one month's appropriation, \$100.

## BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a communication was received from the State Boiler Inspector stating that the two boilers in the City Hall were unsafe to operate. An inspection of these boilers was made a short time ago, and the Inspector reports that the condition of the boilers is pretty serious, and recommends that their use be discontinued. Aldermen Hughes and Hapley were made a committee to look into the matter. It is probable that an appropriation will be required at once, either to purchase new boilers or to make repairs to the present ones, which may give a short time more of usefulness.

Several Broadway property owners appeared before the board in regard to the change of grade of the Broadway sidewalk. They claimed that the grade had been dropped about a foot, and in consequence a retaining wall would be necessary as well as extra steps to their property. The City Engineer said that the matter would not be difficult to adjust and it was referred to the Roadway committee with power to act.

Much routine business was transacted, and a number of licenses were granted.

The chain stores in this country now number over fifteen thousand. Of that number the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company claim over ten thousand, while the Woolworth number over twelve hundred.

## Long Life of Stored Cotton

Cotton is an imperishable commodity and may be warehoused for years with only slight deterioration in color and strength. There are authenticated instances of cotton stored for 80 years having been brought out and sold in competition with a current crop.

## Politeness Only Gilding

It is because gold is rare, that gilding has been invented, which without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness which has all its appearance.—De Levis.

## Physical Culture

Howell—"Was Rowell alive when they found him in the well?" Powell—"Yes, it was a case of deep breathing."

## Odd Chinese Custom

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice, and they are looked upon as the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 16th, 1924.

Estate of Joseph M. Hunt  
EDWARD L. HUNT, guardian of the person and estate of Joseph M. Hunt, minor, of said Newport, presents his petition, in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situate in said Newport, being a one-twelfth undivided interest in land and certain lot of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Northerly on Batchelder street; Easterly on land now or formerly of F. F. Nolan; Southerly partly on land now or formerly of William Adams and partly on land now or formerly of James Murphy; and Westerly on land now or formerly of M. & J. Murphy or however otherwise bounded or described; and praying for reasons therein stated that he may be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor; and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the Eleventh day of August next at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 18th, 1924.

Estate of Julia McDonald  
NOTICE is hereby given that Edward McDonald has qualified as Executor of the will of Julia McDonald, late of Newport, deceased. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning July 26th, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 14, 1924.

Estate of Christopher E. Champlin

WILLIAM B. CHAMPLAIN, Administrator of the estate of Christopher E. Champlin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land in the town of New Shoreham, bordering on the Inner Harbor, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Ocean Avenue on a line with the wall that separates said parcel of land from the harbor and running in an easterly direction along said wall, bounded northerly partly on land of the estate of Christopher E. and John C. Champlin and partly on the harbor, to the northeast corner of said parcel of land, a distance of about 115 feet, then running in a southerly direction along the shore of the harbor a distance of 100 feet, bounded easterly on the harbor, then running westerly in a straight line to a point on Ocean Avenue which is 100 feet from the point of beginning, then running northerly along Ocean Avenue bounded westerly on said Avenue a distance of 100 feet to the point of beginning.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein. And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and will be considered on the 4th day of August, 1924, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD F. CHAMPLAIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 14, 1924.

Estate of John C. Champlin

CHRISTOPHER A. and ANNIE J. CHAMPLAIN, Administrators of the estate of John C. Champlin late of said New Shoreham, deceased, present their petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land in the town of New Shoreham, bordering on the Inner Harbor, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Ocean Avenue on a line with the wall that separates said parcel of land from the harbor and running in an easterly direction along said wall, bounded northerly partly on land of the estate of Christopher E. and John C. Champlin and partly on the harbor, to the northeast corner of said parcel of land, a distance of 110 feet, then running in a southerly direction along the shore of the harbor, a distance of 100 feet bounded easterly on the harbor, then running westerly in a straight line to a point on Ocean Avenue which is 100 feet from the point of beginning, then running northerly along Ocean Avenue a distance of 100 feet to the point of beginning.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein. And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and will be considered on the 4th day of August, 1924, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD F. CHAMPLAIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 16th, 1924.

Estate of Benjamin F. Tanner

WILLIAM A. PECKHAM, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Tanner, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of the following real estate, to wit: First parcel: Bounded southeasterly on Rhode Island Avenue; northeasterly partly by land of Hannah C. Hazard and partly by land of Mary G. Buckley, then northeasterly by land of Mary A. Gardner, et al; then northeasterly again by land of the said Mary A. Gardner, et al; then northeasterly again by Kay street; southeasterly by land now or formerly of John H. Wetherell; and southeasterly by land now or formerly of Mary Lieber.

Second parcel: Southeasterly by Rhode Island Avenue; southeasterly by Hope street; northeasterly partly on land of Thomas B. Tanner and partly by land of Edward A. Sherman; northeasterly by land now or formerly of Jennie F. and Chester F. Carr.

Third parcel: Southerly by Newport Avenue easterly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham; Northerly by other land of the deceased; and westerly by other land of the deceased.

Fourth parcel: Southerly by Newport Avenue; easterly by other land of the deceased; southerly again partly by other land of the deceased and partly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham; easterly again partly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham, and partly by land of Annie I. Carr; northerly by land of Benjamin F. and Fred A. Tanner; and westerly partly by land now or formerly of Joseph M. L. Peckham, and partly by land of Sally G. C. Manchester.

Fifth parcel: One-half interest in real estate bounded as follows: Easterly by other land of the deceased; easterly by land of Annie I. Carr; northerly partly by land of Israel J. Josephson, partly by land now or formerly of T. B. and K. G. Watson, and partly by land now or formerly of M. G. and Ida A. McAuliffe; and westerly by land now or formerly of Joseph M. L. Peckham.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the 4th day of August next at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 19th, 1924.

Estate of Joseph H. Hunt

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles F. Gifford has qualified as Guardian of the estate of Joseph H. Hunt, minor, of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning June 28th, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, June 24th, 1924.

Estate of Mary Shea

NOTICE is hereby given that Miss Levy has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mary Shea, late of Newport, deceased. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning June 28th, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, June 24th, 1924.

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